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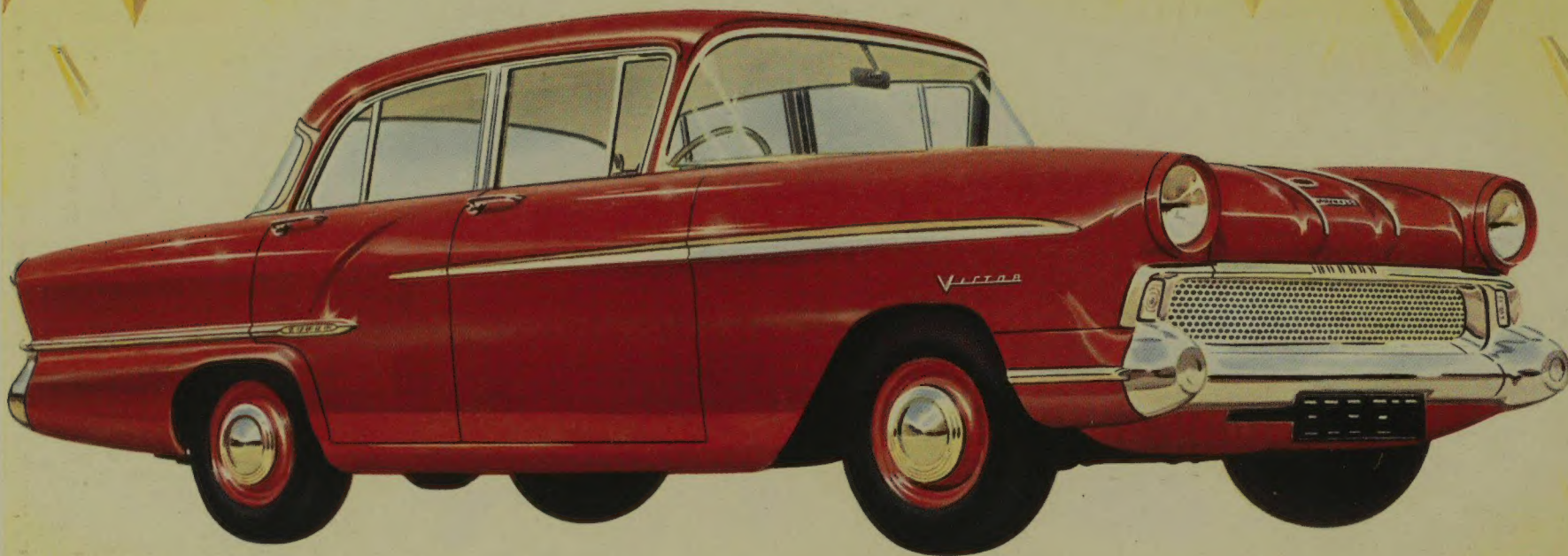
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First car in the country with the panoramic windscreen, the Victor's road vision is such that the tips of all four wings can be seen at a glance by the driver. Flat, smooth riding. Luxurious, washable upholstery. Lots of room for four people and luggage to boot.

First with the new concealed exhaust system . . . the new switching system . . . the easy-release handbrake . . . First for appearance, with the lines of a new generation of low, swift cars — in a range of eight beautiful colours.

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The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

WEEKENDS AT WORTNY

It is really fairly essential to get asked to Welbroke-Cortenáy (pronounced "Wortny") because not only do the people there have the most tremendous taste, but also everything is absolutely bang period—not just period of course but an actual period with a date which is practically almost even a day of the month. So DO NOT TOUCH.

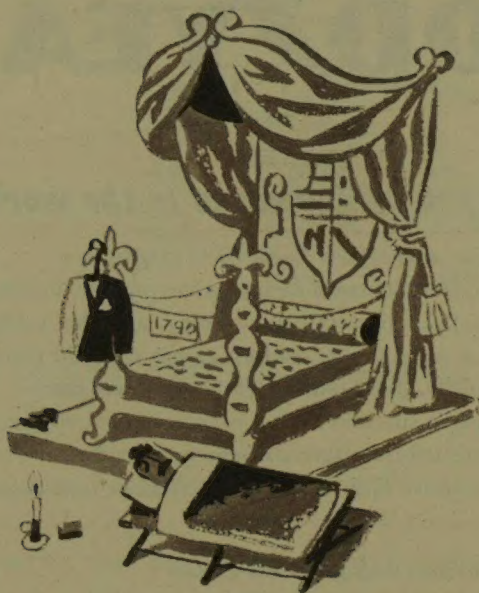
One or two snags of course. It is no bad idea to slip into your bag a tin of pressed beef: because the kitchens (1485) are only suitable for the preparation of larks' tongues, lampreys, boars' heads and oxen roasted whole—articles which the Co-op, to the apologetic annoyance of your hosts, are not invariably able to supply.

Bring own hot water bottles, because they hadn't been invented by any date which could possibly be admitted as a proper kind of date here. Similarly of course there are no ping pong tables, radio sets or bridge markers. No corkscrews, and the soap in the bathroom certainly is not of the modern kind. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course one can always sit, as long as one sits down very slowly indeed. It is perhaps worth pointing out that it is a good thing not to sit where one might think one was supposed to sit but only somewhere else in a rather bad light round the corner. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course it is rather wonderful to be able to choose the date of the room you sleep in. I always select the one with the bed you are actually able to use. This guest's maid's bedroom is 1788 marred by the restoration in 1789 of a chip out of the nose of the cherub supporting the mirror which was knocked off by an American Secession scent bottle thrown in a Georgian quarrel between a Bastille period husband and wife. So DO NOT TOUCH.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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BRITAIN's biggest group of exports to the U.S.A. is road vehicles of all kinds, from bicycles to heavy-duty trucks. Take the North American representative of one of Britain's leading car manufacturers. We might call him Mr. Rigby. He is out to capture even more dollars to pay for Britain's vital imports.

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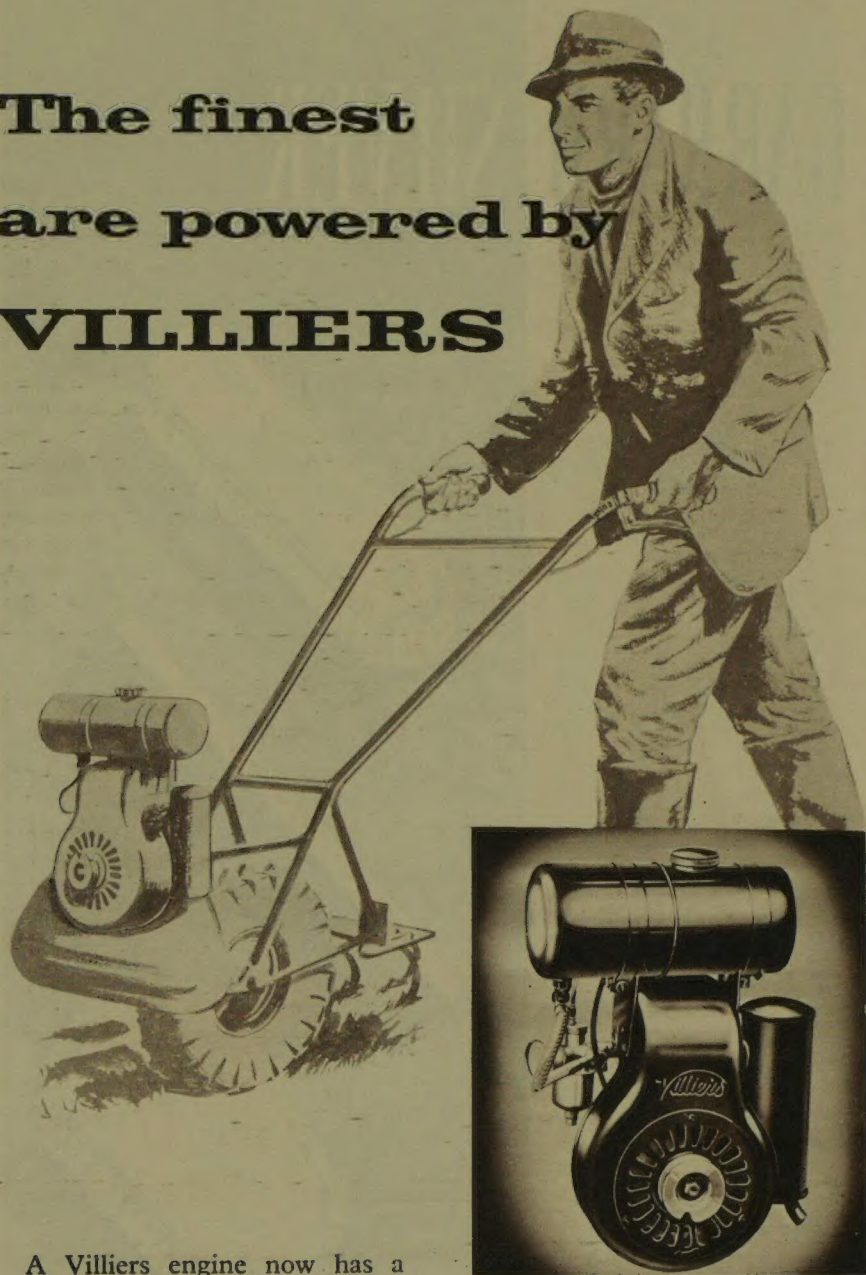
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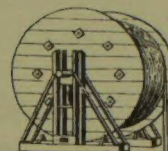
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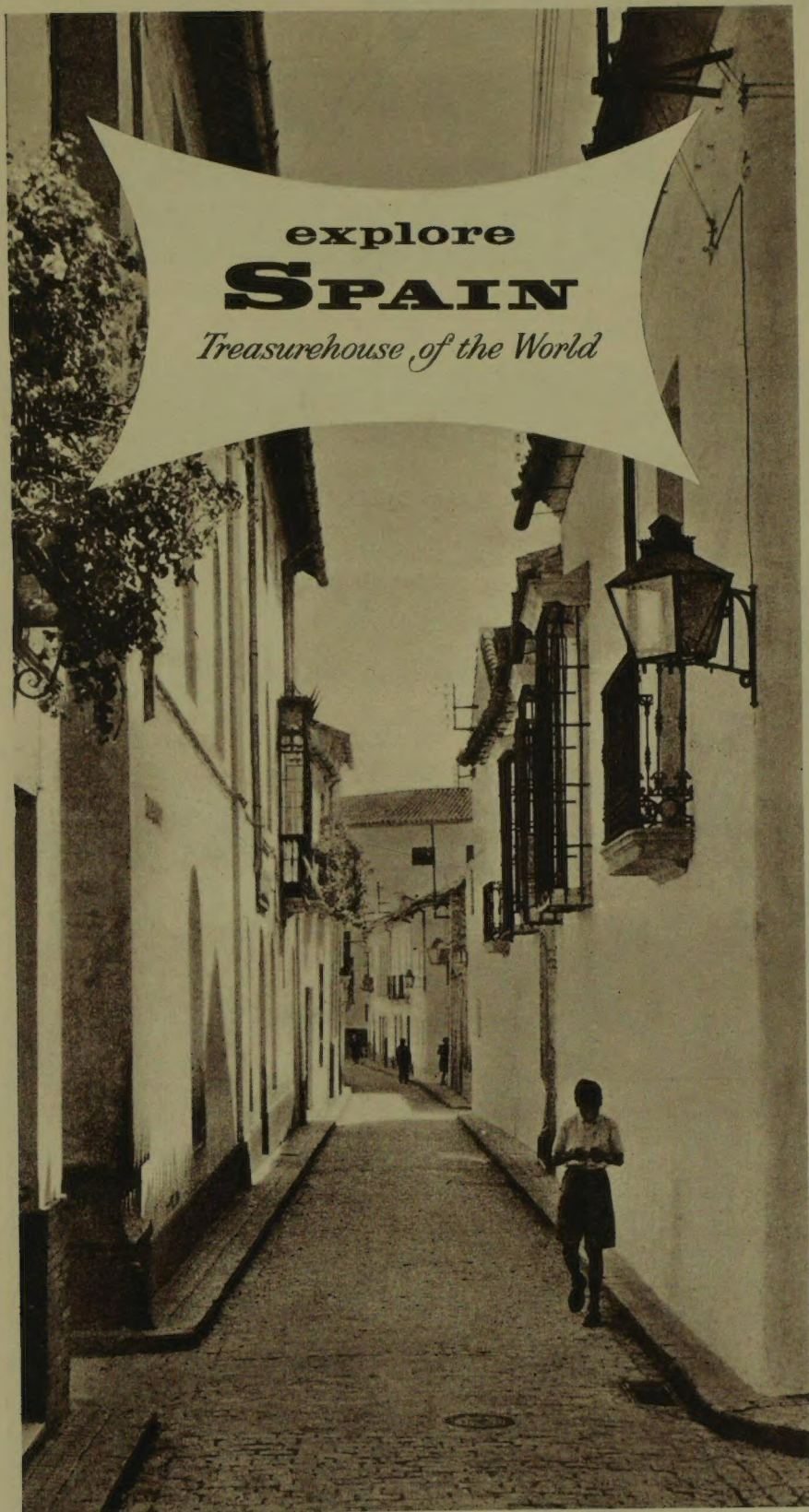


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Photograph from "SPAIN"
by Martin Hürlimann—
published by Thames and Hudson

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This year . . . next year . . . sometime . . . ever

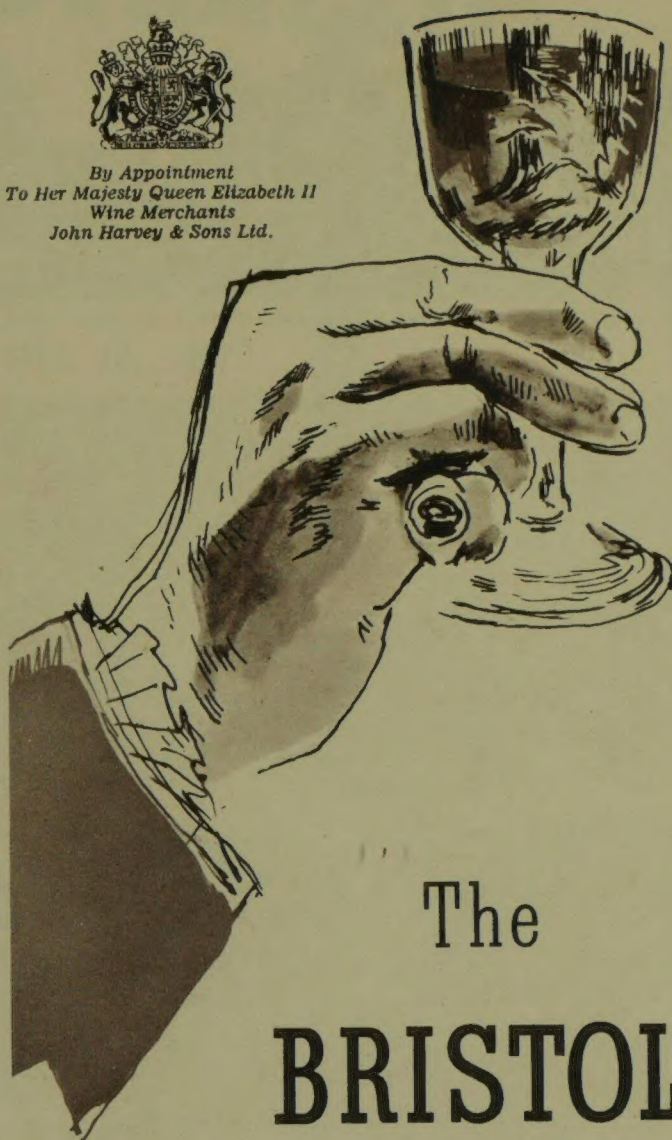
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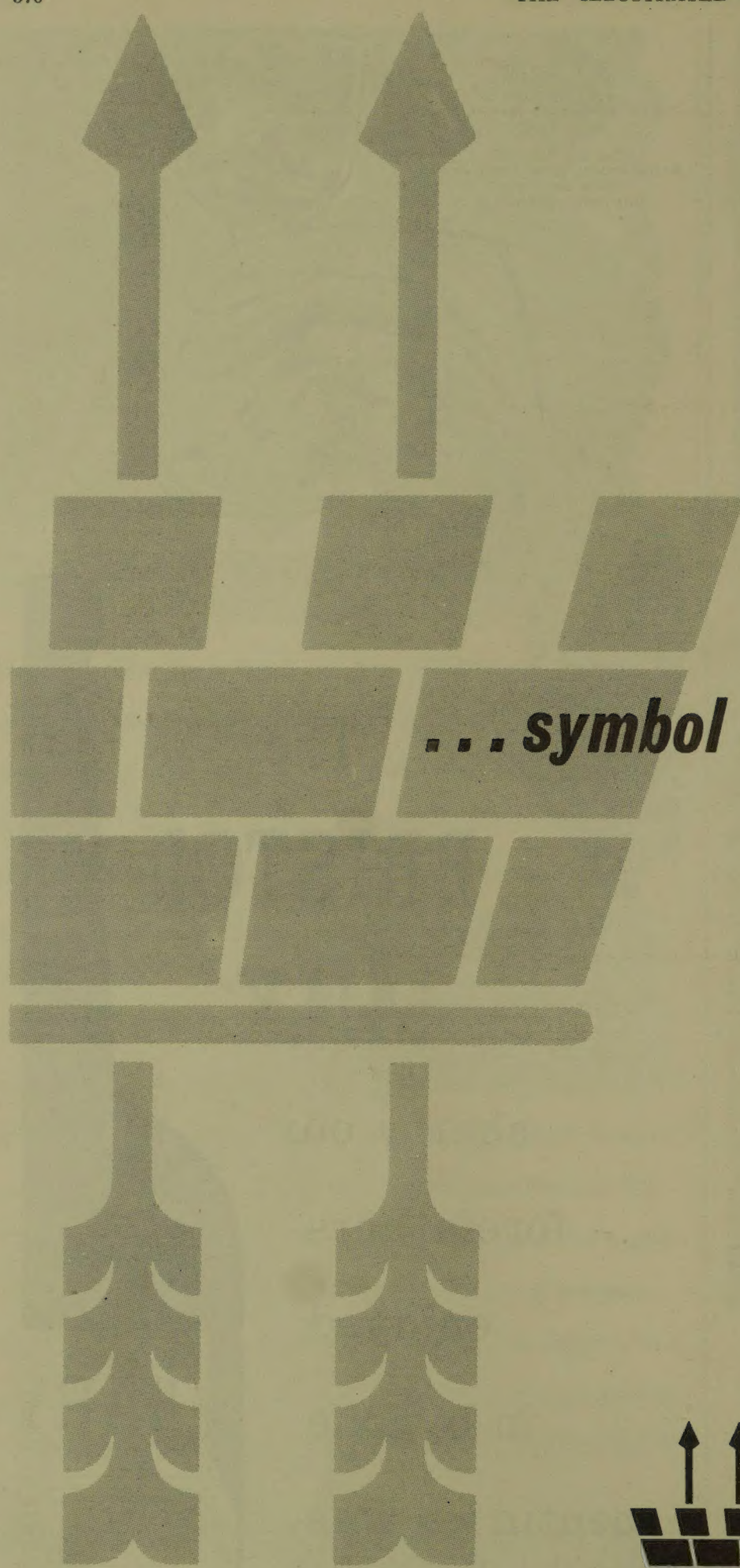
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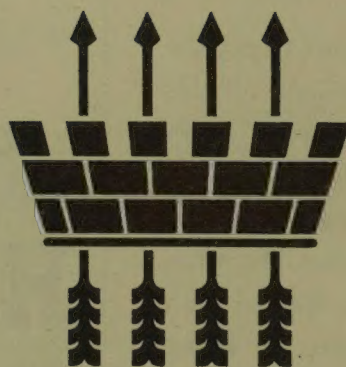
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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1957.



THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE: AFTER A ROUSING WELCOME AT ORLY AIRPORT THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRESIDENT, WALKS TO HER CAR FOR THE TRIUMPHANT DRIVE INTO PARIS.

Tremendous enthusiasm combined with sunshine to provide a most memorable welcome for her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrived at Orly Airport on April 8 at the start of the State visit to France. The President of the Republic, M. René Coty, greeted the Queen as she stepped down from her aircraft, while the French Air Force Band struck up the National Anthem.

After the formalities at the airport the Queen drove with the President into Paris and to the Elysée Palace. Along the whole route huge crowds of excited Parisians gave her Majesty a truly Royal welcome, which rose to a rousing crescendo when the Royal visitors crossed the River Seine and turned into the quiet gardens of the Palace, which was their home during the visit.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE cruel and shameful tragedy that has befallen the "fair and pleasant land of France" is more than a French tragedy. It is more even than a tragedy of war. For whenever France is in danger, it is not France alone that is threatened. It is civilisation itself. For, more than any other people, the French have been guardians of the sacred flame that was lit on the acropolis of Athens 4000 years ago. The flame, often in grievous jeopardy of extinction, was carried from Greece to Italy by the Roman conqueror, thence borne across the Alps by the Legions, to survive, when Rome itself succumbed to the barbarian, in the sweet pleasure of Provence, and later, moving northwards with the centuries, in the Ile de France. At various times other nations have taken a hand in guarding it: old Castile and Christian kingdoms of northern Spain fought for it against the Moors; Charles XII of Sweden against the Muscovite, and John Sobieski of Poland against the encroaching Turk. Britain, too, half-Saxon, half-Celtic, has again and again guarded the flame usually against the tyranny of some European monomaniac, turned despot at the very heart of civilisation itself. Even Prussia, which, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton pointed out, has never been wholly civilised, once took her turn at the vigil at that ancient altar, on the day when old Blücher marched to the sound of the guns on the field of Waterloo to deliver the *coup de grâce* to the great European rebel, Napoleon.

But despite her occasional infidelities in the days when excess of vitality made the might of her people a menace to that which they most cherished, few nations have a record which can compare with that of France as a defender of the free human spirit without which civilisation cannot exist. To-day, overwhelmed by the crushing superiority in numbers and material of a cruel enemy and then stabbed by an assassin in the back and betrayed at home, France has been forced bleeding to her knees, and has now yielded up the fight. In the light of that tragic spectacle, words can avail nothing. It has been said that only when that which one loves is at death's door does one realise the intensity of one's love. The man who loves France and liberty has been able to estimate the strength of that affection in the past few weeks as never before.

Yet France will rise again. For even in defeat she keeps within her bright, though now eclipsed, that spirit without which man cannot survive. It is perhaps not easy to define in what this glorious quality of France persists, though it is easy to recognise it. Rudyard Kipling during the last war wrote that France was beloved of every man who loved his fellow-kind. It is the intense and passionate understanding of the ultimate necessities, hopes and desires of mankind that constitutes the very soul of France as it did that of ancient Greece. That which France in her great moments has always stood for is the republic of man; against its catholic comprehension neither caste, nor race, nor colour, nor creed can have any permanent meaning or value. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, though hackneyed, are glorious words. That France can sometimes be ruthless and cruel is true enough: it may even at times have been tragically true. But then, France is human. In the long run the interests of France are always those of humanity. That the great ideals of France have sometimes been confused with meaner heresies and fallacies is also true. But those ideals themselves are the highest of which erring man has yet proved capable.

The French Revolution established the great principle that man in his corporate capacity, by the free exercise of his reason, may master any

situation. It was so great a discovery that there was a tendency to concentrate too exclusively on its brighter possibilities and to overlook the appalling mistakes that man in his corporate capacity could make through the mistakes of his reason. Men forgot a little that reason is fallible and that the human mind unduly divorced from the healthy animal rhythm of life may suffer lamentable perversions. Yet insistence on that sanctity of the freedom of reason was the sure way that led mankind, by however devious routes, from the darkness of despotism towards the light. Throughout her history France has again and again striven to discover the true nature of man and to state that kind of life which best befits his nature. Since the days when Abelard built a church in honour of the Holy Spirit—the first man ever to do so—this unending discovery of the divine forces of life by which man moves has been the dominant contribution of France to the world's progress.

L'esprit—that is the French word which expresses the eternal spirit of freedom, truth and rational enquiry which France has struggled to guarantee for the world. It is something which she has long tried in particular to assure to every Frenchman. That is why, though France has been industrialised like other lands, the servile conception of the proletarian mass,

dear alike to the capitalist and Marxian, has never taken real root in France; France has been the only large country in the modern world where the word "*industrie*" has still carried its original meaning of craftsmanship and individual skill. The workman of Paris is not a "toiling slave," and never, despite particular and temporary grievances, has been. He is a civilised man. That is why the present eclipse of France constitutes so cruel a human tragedy.

But the true Frenchman would reply, and reply rightly: "It is man's lot to encounter tragedy and disaster: it is his glory to overcome it." That is what he means by the great line in his Marseillaise — "*Le jour de gloire est arrivé*." The day of glory is that day on which man stands alone in the hour of testing with his destiny and dedicates himself to overcome it. He has failed, not because tyrant fate ordained it, but because of

his own error or weakness. He has it in his invincible breast to repair these breaches. France has known her defeats before, but her defeats have never been eternal and never will be so long as the spirit of France animates a single Frenchman.

Even utter defeat and enslavement in the body—however shameful—can only temporarily vanquish France. It is said that four years after their victory over France in 1871, the Germans, who had imposed on her what they thought was a crushing indemnity, were so astonished at the rapidity of their victim's recovery that they seriously contemplated going to war again to crush her swift, reviving spirit. Had their terms been ten times more onerous they would have failed. For it was not a mere nation—a brute-disciplined mass following an idea—or its fallible rulers that was to be crushed, but a nation of individuals, each one of whom, rich and poor alike, was animated by the free and undying spirit of the great Republic. Among the forty million Frenchmen who were defeated in 1871 was a poor and unknown scholar named Pasteur. Saddened by the sorrows of France, faced by almost overwhelming personal difficulties, he yet resolved that so far as lay within his private capacity, he would work and strive, since he could not fight, for the glory of France and turn his country's adversity to triumph. He did so, and his achievement became part of the eternal heritage of mankind.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT AT HIS DESK AT THE TREASURY BEFORE HE PRESENTED THIS GOVERNMENT'S FIRST BUDGET ON APRIL 9. ON THE DESK IS THE FAMILIAR BUDGET BOX.

Mr. Thorneycroft, who presented his first Budget—and the first of the present Government—on Tuesday, has had a varied career. After leaving Eton he went to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, taking his commission in 1930. Three years later he resigned his commission and in 1935 he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. He practised for some time on the Oxford circuit and in 1938 became Conservative M.P. for Stafford. He has represented Monmouth since 1945 and in October 1951 became President of the Board of Trade.



(UPPER.) THE TRIUMPHANT DRIVE FROM ORLY AIRPORT: H.M. THE QUEEN, SEATED BESIDE THE PRESIDENT DRIVING THROUGH THE CHEERING CROWDS. (LOWER.) ON ARRIVAL AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: THE QUEEN'S CAR TURNING INTO THE GARDENS THROUGH A GATE ONLY OPENED ON STATE OCCASIONS.

A HEARTFELT WELCOME ACKNOWLEDGED BY A CHARMING SMILE: THE QUEEN AMID THE PARISIAN CROWDS.

The drive into Paris from Orly Airport, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had landed at the start of their State visit to France on April 8, set the tone of the tremendous welcome which the huge Paris crowds gave the Royal visitors. At the Porte d'Orléans a salute of 101 guns was fired to mark the Royal entry within the ancient city boundaries, and shortly afterwards the colourful procession of eight cars was joined

by two squadrons of mounted Gardes Republicaines. In their brilliant uniforms of blue, red, gold and silver they formed a splendid escort for the last mile of the journey, which ended when the cars turned into the gardens of the Elysée Palace through a brightly-decorated gate, which is only used on State occasions. At the Palace the Queen and the Duke were entertained at a private luncheon party.



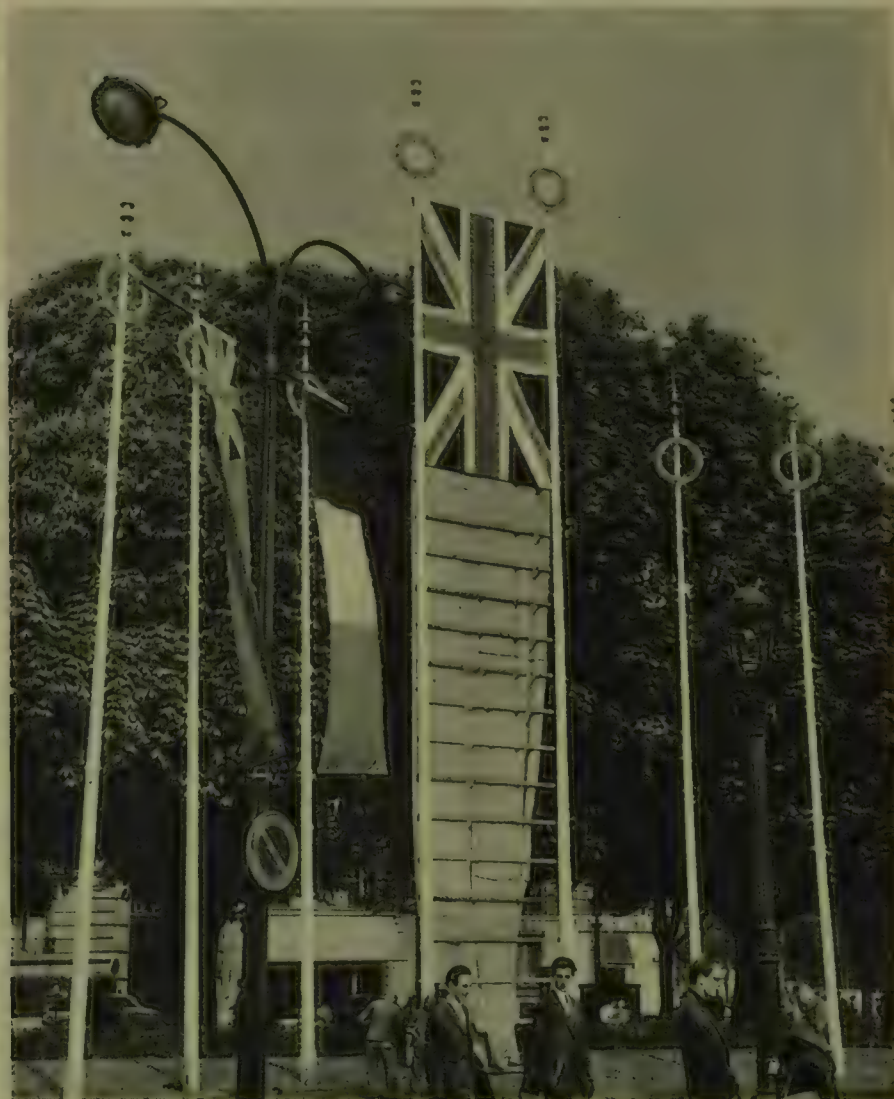
A SCENE WHICH THRILLED PARIS BEFORE THE ROYAL VISIT: THE SCOTTISH CONTINGENT, WHICH IS TAKING PART IN THE FRANCO-BRITISH MILITARY FESTIVAL, MARCHING ALONG THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.



VIEWED FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: SOME OF THE 500 BRITISH SERVICEMEN WHO PARADED TO LAY A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

PARISIAN PRELUDE : BRITISH TROOPS ON PARADE ; AND DECORATIONS TO GREET THE QUEEN.

A crowd of Parisians, estimated as numbering over 20,000, had a foretaste of the excitement of the State visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when, on April 5, they cheered a procession of 500 British troops who paraded in Paris to lay a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Streets and shops in the city were already gaily decorated in preparation for the Royal visit, and Parisians, in happy mood, applauded each unit in the parade. As the British troops, in Paris for the Franco-British Military Tournament,



READY FOR THE QUEEN'S VISIT: UNION FLAGS DISPLAYED ALONGSIDE THE TRICOLOUR IN A PARIS GAILY DECORATED TO WELCOME THE QUEEN.

neared the junction of the Avenue George V and the Champs Elysées the crowds broke through the police cordons in their enthusiasm. After the contingent had massed before the Arc de Triomphe, and a simple green laurel and red poppy wreath had been laid on the tomb, there followed the most impressive moment when a solitary piper, marching across the open space in front of the arch, played the moving lament "Flowers of the Forest." The national anthems of both countries were also played.



ADMIRATION.

The interest and excitement which swept Paris for days before the start of the State visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh is touchingly epitomised in this photograph of a group of very young Parisians gazing with wonder and admiration at Drum Major John Moon, of the Scots Guards,

in his scarlet-and-gold uniform and bearskin. In the background members of the French La Garde Républicaine look down on the scene. The Scots Guards are among the British troops who are in Paris for the Franco-British military festival, which lasts until April 14.

BRITISH defence is now more closely tied than ever to "the deterrent," the megaton- or hydrogen-bomb. The White Paper entitled "Defence: Outline of Future Policy" (Cmd. 124, H.M. Stationery Office) makes this clear. High priority is to be given to the development of British nuclear weapons, but that is not the whole story. The present impossibility of giving adequate protection to our people and the forced reliance for the defence of Britain on "the collective defence of the free world" alter and reduce the rôle of conventional forces. This factor, allied with the soaring costs of the present system, is the main reason for the proposed reduction in military man-power.

The framework of the Navy is to be a small number of carrier groups, leaving a large number of warships in the reserve, including battleships, to be got rid of. There is certainly more doubt about the future of naval operations than as regards land and air forces—which is saying a good deal—but I feel sure it would be a mistake to abandon carriers without definite knowledge that they are obsolete and with much instructed opinion taking the contrary view. This is all the more the case because it is not certain that a nuclear battle would be *immediately* decisive. But the White Paper is right to show realism by its use of the adjective "small." Groups will be neither large nor numerous.

The Army is to be the chief victim—the Continental contingent will drop by 13,000 in the first twelve months. No statement is made about the Army's final size, but it may hold itself lucky if it is much over 150,000. The omission of certain figures commonly given may be due to the fact that discussions with N.A.T.O. and the Federal Republic of Germany have not as yet confirmed these, though in some respects these command papers disclose too much rather than too little. The Territorial Army will be maintained, but as a home defence force. This will also be the rôle of the two Territorial divisions now pledged as Continental reinforcements, if agreement on the matter can be reached. The only consolation is the hope that the heavy cuts in manpower contemplated will be in part offset by the use of new weapons.

The R.A.F.'s prospect of receiving a supersonic bomber is over, anyhow for the present. The V-class medium bombers will be supplemented by ballistic rockets. The theory now is that a fighter force cannot defend the country against nuclear weapons but may do useful work in defence of airfields, representing the means of retaliation. A reduced fighter force will be retained for this purpose until it can be replaced by ground-to-air guided missiles. The Second Tactical Air Force in Germany is due to be halved, and the same fate awaits the home-based light bomber force assigned to N.A.T.O. The reduction in personnel is expected to be just under 40 per cent.

The man-power cuts, apart from any that may be found necessary in regular officers and non-commissioned officers, will be effected first by a slowing down and finally by the abolition of the call-up. This is expected to take place by the end of 1962, when the last national servicemen will be released. The aim is to have by that time a combined strength of 375,000 (against 690,000), all

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"THE BIGGEST CHANGE IN MILITARY POLICY EVER MADE."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

regular and volunteers. It is, however, recognised that volunteers become available only when they volunteer, so that some means of providing a limited number of conscripts will have to be devised if they do not. Curiously enough, with us the question of limitation is trickier than wholesale conscription. There is justification in the statement that we are presented with "the biggest change in military policy ever made in normal times."

hand, the principle itself is sound. The arguments for it can hardly be refuted.

The Government has, at all events, refused to allow itself to be jockeyed into folly by those who proclaim that one thing only matters: the big bomb. I have said that it dominates the scene and that defence has been more closely tied to it, but its horrible domination does not preclude wars other than nuclear. It might in a few cases encourage them, relatively to nuclear wars. The plan envisages a force greatly reduced indeed, but still above "trip-wire" strength, in Germany, with a Central Reserve at home kept in a state of readiness, mobile both in terms of air transport and in itself—so far as forces mainly dependent on air transport can be. The question remains whether or not the swing has been too wide, whether or not the principle has been carried too far.

The answer hangs upon an enigma. Before it can be given we have to estimate the strength of the dread of a nuclear war, how far the opposing sides will go to avoid it, in other words, how great is the power of the deterrent, not merely for national defence but as regards the sentiments of the whole world. The less the likelihood of a global, nuclear war, the more probable is it that Mr. Sandys has made the error of not providing sufficiently for the waging of smaller wars. We have, of course, to recognise that the consequences of a mistake in this direction are minor by comparison with erring the opposite way. On the other hand, small wars inadequately dealt with are more likely to develop into great wars than if they were quickly liquidated.

My belief is that Mr. Sandys has made this error. I would not base this belief on the pronouncements of S.H.A.P.E. so far, because they have been rather vague. But the anxieties of S.H.A.P.E. about the example set are justifiable. The reactions of Western Germany are most important. They might take the form of abolishing conscription or that of demanding the right to use tactical atomic weapons, or both. While the present Government remains in office it is very improbable that they will amount to a move towards neutrality, but the hankering after a more neutral policy which exists in Western Germany will be encouraged. The effect on other countries cannot yet be assessed. One lunatic argument has been heard: because France has withdrawn large forces to North Africa from Germany we are entitled to provide fewer. The more obvious consequence would be that we should provide more.

I have no space now to deal with domestic issues such as the problem of recruiting sufficient regulars to fill the gap left by the national servicemen and its financial implications or the future of regular officers and n.c.o.'s, many of whom are disturbed in mind. There may be another opportunity for this. Indeed, the whole subject of the new approach to defence calls for cogitation. One is for the moment left in admiration of its imaginative and intellectual quality as well as of its boldness. At the same time, one reflects that boldness is given another name when its direction is wrong. On that point I am still not fully decided and certainly not altogether happy.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE



A SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS WHICH WILL CONTAIN A COMPREHENSIVE PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE COVER OF OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 20 BY TERENCE CUNEO.

The main contents of our issue of April 20 will be devoted to a pictorial record of the State Visit to France of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The price will be the same as that of our ordinary weekly issues (2s.), but the edition will be limited, and those who wish to send copies to friends or relations overseas or in this country are advised to place an order now with their bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order (including postage) may be sent to: The Publisher (Dept. LN), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

I have left out a great deal. The scheme has all sorts of by-products, for example the return to civil life of many men with scientific training. However, enough can be found above for a consideration of what the thing amounts to. I begin with a criticism: I feel that the Government has stretched the theory on which it justifies its heavy cuts to cover its financial aims. This is not to deny that savings are imperative; indeed, one doubt is whether we are going to see a lot in cash after paying "reasonable" compensation for interrupted careers, probably more to get regulars, more for dearer equipment, and more for civilian labour demanding big pay-packets. On the other

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



U.S.A. A CLUB WHERE SIX PEOPLE DIED WHEN THE PREMISES WERE SET ON FIRE BY THREE MEN WHO HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY EJECTED.

On April 5 three young men returned to a Los Angeles club from which they had previously been ejected, threw into it a quantity of petrol and set the premises on fire. Six people died in the resulting fire and later two suspects were detained.



PERSIA. THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK BY PERSIAN BANDITS IN WHICH FOUR AMERICANS, INCLUDING A WOMAN, AND TWO PERSIANS WERE KILLED.

On March 24 three Americans, one an American aid official, and two Persians were killed when the jeeps in which they were travelling were attacked by bandits. The wife of one American, who was also in the party, was killed later. It was afterwards claimed that the bandits had been caught in Pakistan. The incident was followed by the resignation, on April 3, of the Persian Prime Minister.



SOUTH AFRICA. THE UNION FLAG BEING LOWERED AT THE CEREMONY TO MARK THE HANDING OVER TO SOUTH AFRICA OF THE FORMER ROYAL NAVAL BASE AT SIMONSTOWN.



SOUTH AFRICA. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT WHICH THE SIMONSTOWN DOCKYARD WAS HANDLED OVER TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY. On April 2 the Simonstown dockyard, which has been a Royal Navy base for the past 143 years, was officially handed over to the South African Navy. The Royal Navy is to continue to make use of the base.



EGYPT. REMOVING THE LAST OBSTACLE FROM THE SUEZ CANAL: THE RAISING OF THE FRIGATE *ABOUKIR*. On going to press the last major obstacle in the Suez Canal, the sunken frigate *Aboukir*, had been raised and was to be towed to the Great Bitter Lakes on either April 8 or 9, where the wreck was to be dumped. A convoy of seven ships entered the Canal at Port Said on April 7.



LONDON. TWO DUTCH GIRLS—MEMBERS OF A PARTY WHO RECENTLY DISTRIBUTED FLOWERS IN LONDON—"DECORATING" THE LORD MAYOR, SIR CULLUM WELCH, WITH DAFFODILS.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



U.S.A. AT THE OPENING OF THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL: AN AMERICAN INDIAN SHOWS LORD HAILSHAM (LEFT CENTRE) THE INDIAN METHOD OF COOKING FISH.

The Jamestown Festival, to commemorate the first permanent British settlement in the New World 350 years ago, was opened on April 1. Other pictures of this notable and colourful occasion appear on another page in this issue.



FRANCE. THE ALTAR OF A NEW, MODERN-STYLE CHAPEL WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT AT A NEW COMMUNITY CENTRE AT PERIGUEUX.

One of the buildings in the new, modern-style community centre at Perigueux is a chapel, the altar of which is illustrated above. As can be seen, the architecture and the fittings are extremely modern. The figure of Christ is in concrete.



HOLLAND. A MEMORIAL OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: THE MERCANTILE MONUMENT AT ROTTERDAM WHICH IS TO BE UNVEILED BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARGRIET OF THE NETHERLANDS.



EGYPT. THE STONE HEAD OF AN UNIDENTIFIED PHARAOH OF ABOUT 2500 B.C. RECENTLY FOUND AT ABUSIR. Swiss and German archaeologists recently found a stone head of a fifth dynasty Pharaoh at Abusir, south of the Giza pyramids, it was announced on April 1. The Pharaoh was then still unidentified. The head is about 20 ins. high and is practically undamaged.



HAMBURG, GERMANY. TWO GERMAN SUBMARINES, SUNK OFF NORWAY DURING THE WAR, AFTER THEY HAD BEEN RAISED AND TOWED TO HAMBURG FOR SCRAPPING.



KENYA. BUILT BY A KENYA DRAUGHTSMAN: A SCALE MODEL OF THE CENTRAL BUILDINGS OF THE NEW NAIROBI AIRPORT AT EMBAKASI, WHICH IS DUE TO START OPERATING IN SEPTEMBER AND IS BUILT TO CATER FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT. THE ARCHITECT IS MR. H. R. THOMPSON.



UNITED STATES. APPROVED FOR OPERATIONAL USE: THE NEW 5-IN. HIGH-VELOCITY ZUNI ROCKET WHICH IS TO BE USED BY AMERICAN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT FOR BOTH AIR-TO-AIR AND AIR-TO-GROUND ATTACKS. FOLDING FINS PERMIT FOUR OF THE ROCKETS TO BE LOADED IN A LAUNCHER.



TURKEY. ON PARADE IN THE STREETS OF ISTANBUL: THE FAMOUS JANISSARY BAND, WHICH IS TO APPEAR AT THIS YEAR'S EDINBURGH FESTIVAL MILITARY TATTOO.

The first appearance abroad of a unit of the Turkish Army at a great military spectacle will take place at this year's Edinburgh Festival, when the famous Janissary Band performs in the Military Tattoo. The Janissaries were formed as a bodyguard in the fourteenth century. Becoming too powerful, they were suppressed early last century, but the band was revived several years ago for ceremonial purposes.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



ITALY. DURING THE INSPECTION OF THE BEACH WHERE WILMA MONTESI'S BODY WAS FOUND: CARABINIERI KEEP WATCH WHILE THE JUDGES LOOK AROUND.

Four years ago the body of Wilma Montesi was found on a beach near Rome. On January 21 the trial of thirteen men and women, accused with being implicated in her death, began in Venice and has been causing widespread interest. On April 2 members of the court made an inspection of the beach of Tor Vaianica where the body was found.



FRANCE. AT A CEREMONY AT FONTAINEBLEAU TO MARK THE ASSUMPTION OF HIS N.A.T.O. COMMAND: GENERAL SPEIDEL SALUTES THE ALLIED OFFICERS ON PARADE. On April 3 General Speidel took over duty as Commander of Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, in a brief ceremony at Fontainebleau. General Speidel, who became chief of the co-ordinating staff of the Bundeswehr in 1955, is the first German to assume a senior N.A.T.O. command. General Valluy (France) was among the senior officers present, and is seen on the right of the photograph.



CYPRUS. A CYPRIOT GREETES THE NEWS OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S RELEASE BY KISSING THE HAND OF A BRITISH "REDCAP." The news of the release of Archbishop Makarios was greeted with scenes of enthusiasm in Cyprus. These two photographs (above and right) were taken in Nicosia on March 28. Crowds in Metaxas Square brought the traffic to a standstill, and British soldiers were greeted with kisses instead of bombs.



CYPRUS. IN METAXAS SQUARE, NICOSIA: PART OF THE LARGE AND EXCITED CROWD WHICH GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE NEWS OF ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS' RELEASE FROM DETENTION IN THE SEYCHELLES.



THE NETHERLANDS. TUNNELS UNDER HOLLAND'S NORTH SEA CANAL: WORK PROGRESSING AT VELZEN ON THE RAILROAD TUNNEL (LEFT) AND ROAD TUNNEL WHICH WILL LINK THE TWO HALVES OF NORTH HOLLAND.



LONDON. ARRIVING BY AIR FROM GHANA FOR A TEN-DAY VISIT: MISS MONICA AMEKOAFIA, WHO WAS ELECTED "MISS GHANA" DURING HER COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS LAST MONTH.

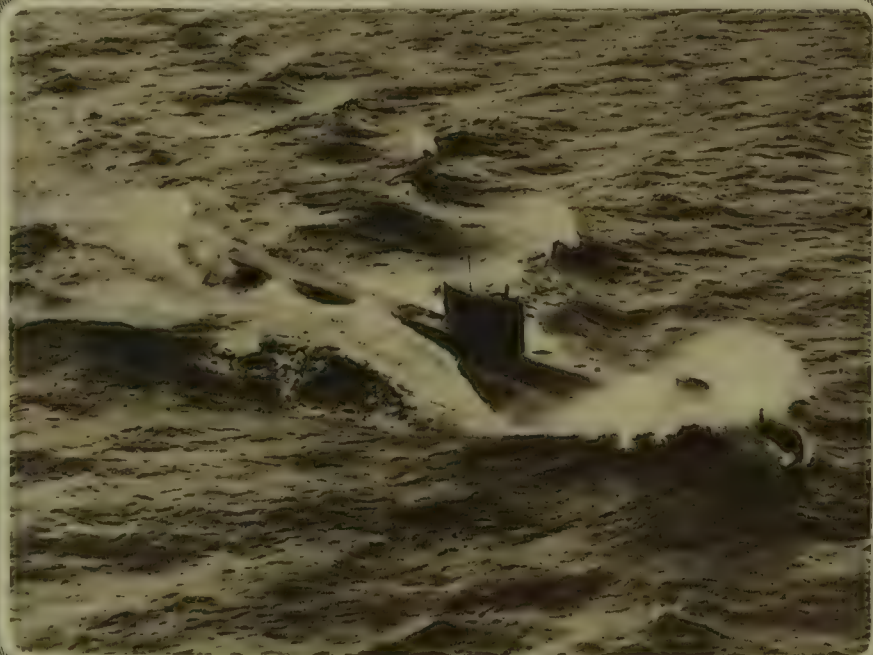
A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. TAKING PART IN THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL, WHICH OPENED ON APRIL 1: REPLICAS OF THE SETTLERS' SHIPS—*CODSPEED* (LEFT) AND *DISCOVERY*. IN BACKGROUND, *SUSAN CONSTANT*. On April 1, at Jamestown, Virginia, Governor Stanley opened the Jamestown Festival, which celebrates the 350th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America. Lord Hailsham represented the U.K. and brought greetings from the Queen.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. ENACTING THE PART OF THE JAMESTOWN SETTLERS' SOLDIERS: U.S. ARMY MEN IN ARMOUR IN THE RECONSTRUCTED SETTLEMENT.



BRITISH WATERS. REPORTEDLY CAPABLE OF ABOUT 26 KNOTS SUBMERGED FOR SEVERAL HOURS: THE "PEROXIDE" SUBMARINE *EXPLORER* AT SPEED. For six days from March 19, H.M.S. *Explorer*, the Navy's experimental submarine, which is said to be the fastest submarine afloat, visited London and some security precautions were released. High-test peroxide is used in the engines.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S SECOND ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE, U.S.S. *SEAWOLF*, AT THE COMMISSIONING CEREMONY ON MARCH 30. At Groton, Connecticut, on March 30, the second U.S. nuclear submarine *Seawolf* was commissioned. She was launched in July 1955, but her commissioning has been delayed owing to alterations in the sodium cycle cooling system.



WEST GERMANY. A NEW N.A.T.O. NAVAL COMMAND MANNED BY GERMAN LIGHT NAVAL CRAFT: UNITS OF THE NORTH SEA SUB-AREA IN HARBOUR AT CUXHAVEN. On April 1 a new N.A.T.O. naval command—the North Sea Sub-Area—came into being. Its headquarters are at Cuxhaven, in north-west Germany, and it comprises German ships commanded by Captain Karl Zenker. It forms part of the Central European Allied Naval Command.



WEST GERMANY. DURING THEIR FIRST DAY ON DUTY: SOME OF THE YOUNG GERMAN CONSCRIPTS CALLED UP ON APRIL 1 INSPECTING A TANK AT COBLENZ. Rather less than 10,000 men reported for duty throughout the Federal Republic on April 1 as the first conscripts in the new West German Army. They are to serve for twelve months. Some of the 350 men who reported at Coblenz are seen here.



"STAUNCH AND STRONG, A GOODLY VESSEL": MAYFLOWER II, READY FOR HER TRIALS AND RIDING AT ANCHOR OFF BRIXHAM—A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE AND ONE TO STIR THE ANCESTRAL MEMORIES OF A SEA-GOING NATION.

The replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' *Mayflower*, *Mayflower II*, which was expected to begin her 3000-mile crossing of the Atlantic from Plymouth, Devon, to Plymouth, Massachusetts, on April 15 or 16, was towed out of dry-dock, after her fitting-out, at Brixham on April 1. Owing to an easterly wind, the high tide was cut by about 2 ft. ; and there was some difficulty in getting her out of dry-dock. She had only 80 tons of ballast on board and, after moving forward a few feet, she heeled over to port. As the tug turned

her she listed first one way, then the other ; and hurried arrangements were made to get another 10 tons of ballast on board ; and the yard-arms were lowered to bring down the ship's centre of gravity ; and on April 2, further ballast was loaded—about another 40 tons. Later, stability tests were to be carried out with a Board of Trade inspector present, before *Mayflower II* should leave Tor Bay for Plymouth and her departure on her historic repetition of the Pilgrim Fathers' crossing of the Atlantic to the New World.

A GIANT APE OF 500,000 YEARS AGO: NEW LIGHT ON THE MONSTER GIGANTOPITHECUS OF PREHISTORIC CHINA.

IN 1935 Professor G. H. R. von Koenigswald bought—on a prescription for “dragon’s teeth”—in Chinese drugstores in Canton and Hongkong, three huge molars, which formed the basis for scientific knowledge of Gigantopithecus, a giant ape of the Middle Pleistocene Age, some 400,000 to 600,000 years ago. New discoveries much enlarge our knowledge of this prehistoric creature and tend to show that the giant ape was closer to man than any other ape yet discovered, though not so advanced as an ape-man. On February 17 this year, at the opening session of the Palaeontological Society of China, Dr. Pei Wen-chung, the palaeontologist who has been directing cave excavation in Kwangsi Province, exhibited the fossil lower jawbone of the giant ape which is illustrated on these pages. The jaw contains twelve teeth in place and it had been found by a peasant and subjected to careful scientific examination. Some fifty teeth had also been examined, and this research, together with the evidence of the jaw, indicated, according to Dr. Pei, that the ape had probably a mixed vegetarian and meat diet; and that the creature was beginning to emerge from apehood and approaching the status of man, but had not advanced so far as to be placed in the human family. Conceivably it had developed only in size, and not in the ability to hunt animals or in any capacity for work. No weapons or tools had been found in the limestone caves in which the ape lived. These caves were in a steep cliff some 300 ft. high, and they contained bone fragments of boar, deer and other animals, which were presumed to be the remains of the ape’s food. On examination these remains were found to be those of either very young or very old animals, which suggests that they could have been caught without the aid of weapons. Dr. Pei stated that the jaw found was roughly twice the size of a modern human jaw and was of a smaller type of Gigantopithecus. Its smaller size and the wear of its teeth suggested that it was the jaw of a female. It has six teeth on the left side, from the lateral incisor to the second molar; and six teeth on the right, from the medial incisor to the second molar, with a lateral incisor



THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED GIANT APE JAW (TOP RIGHT) COMPARED WITH OTHER PRIMATE JAWS: (TOP LEFT) A MODERN MAN (MALE); (BOTTOM LEFT) PREHISTORIC PEKING MAN (FEMALE); AND (BOTTOM RIGHT) A GORILLA.

[Continued below.]



RECENTLY FOUND IN KWANGSI PROVINCE, CHINA: THE FOREPART OF THE LOWER JAW OF THE PREHISTORIC GIGANTOPITHECUS (ACTUAL SIZE), WHICH MAY HAVE STOOD OVER 9 FT. TALL.



DR. PEI WEN-CHUNG, THE CHINESE PALÆONTOLOGIST, WHO ANNOUNCED THE DISCOVERY OF THE GIGANTOPITHECUS JAW, AND WHO IS SEEN HERE WITH THE FOSSIL JAWBONE IN HIS HANDS.

missing. Dr. Pei explained that the teeth were arranged not in two parallel lines, as is common in the ordinary ape’s jaw, but in an outward curve. The shape and position of the canine was neither conical nor raised above the other teeth. These were characteristics of the human group. However, the outward curve was still narrower than that of the ape-man. In addition, the lower jaw had the “simian shelf,” the bony mass below and behind the incisors, which is a characteristic possessed only by apes, but this shelf was not so marked as in ordinary apes. The material suggested many new lines

for investigation, including its mixed diet, why it attained such an enormous size, why it became extinct, and what was its evolutionary position among the primates. On the facing page our artist, supported by expert advice, has made a vivid, though tentative, reconstruction of this long extinct animal, and has set him in the Kwangsi landscape, with his contemporaries, the primitive Peking Man and, in a near-by tree, an orang-utan. There also we discuss the debatable issue of the giant ape’s size, the Chinese scientists estimating it as between 10 and 15 ft. tall, which English authorities think an overestimate.



THE MONSTER OF KWANGSI: A GIANT APE OF PREHISTORIC CHINA SOME 500,000 YEARS AGO, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN 12 FT. TALL—A "DEAD END" IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE PRIMATES.

As reported on the opposite page, recent discoveries in Kwangsi Province, China, have added much to our knowledge of *Gigantopithecus*, a giant ape which inhabited the limestone caves of Kwangsi between 400,000 to 600,000 years ago; and have enabled this tentative reconstruction of the creature's general appearance to be made. He is shown here with his contemporaries—on the ground a pair of the primitive Peking Men (long extinct), and, in the tree, an orang-utan, which, of course, survives to this day. It is believed

that the giant ape was something like an orang-utan, but since the giant ape was a land animal, not an arboreal one, it would not have the excessive arm development and the hanging jowls of the orang. The Chinese scientists believe, arguing from the immense size of the jaw, that *Gigantopithecus* stood between 10 and 13 ft. tall, but some European authorities doubt this, and point out that the South African apeman, *Paranthropus*, had a jaw larger than any known man, but was, nevertheless, only between 4 and 5 ft. tall.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



A COLLECTION of Worcester porcelain formed by the late D. E. Taylor will have been sold at Sotheby's by the time this page appears. It made a sumptuous show with its deep blues, soft greens and yellows and delicate pinks, and though I personally soon tire of a type of decoration which, by comparison with much of the earlier work of the factory, is more remarkable for ingenuity than finesse, these particular wares, mostly from the years after 1768 when several workmen from Chelsea migrated to Worcester as a result of Chelsea closing down, have an almost universal appeal. Indeed, whatever one may think of some of the painting of those curious



DECORATED IN THE WORKSHOP OF JAMES GILES WITH FIGURES PROBABLY TAKEN FROM A PRINT AFTER TENIERS: A RARE WORCESTER DR. WALL PERIOD COFFEE-POT.

(Height: 8½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

birds—"dishevelled birds," they are usually called—which were so favourite a pattern, or of the attempts of Worcester to imitate the *gros bleu* of Sèvres, he is a glum puritan who fails to fall a victim to the graces of a little gem like the yellow-ground teapot shown here, with its sprays of flowers on each side with a few sprigs scattered about.

On the whole, European opinion does not give Worcester, or, for that matter, any English porcelain, the very high marks nor will the most insular among us pretend that it was the equal of Chelsea during the 1750's, but it played an important part in the rise of the eighteenth-century industry, and—as everyone knows—is by no means the least among the factories of to-day; it is no small thing to have survived all those years. Interest is usually concentrated upon what is known as "the Dr. Wall period"—that is, from the foundation of the factory in 1751 to 1783, though Dr. Wall died in 1773 (or 1776).

Dr. Wall was a local physician and, one presumes, the driving force in the enterprise, but there were fourteen signatories to the original deed, of whom the best-known, after the doctor, was the apothecary, William Davis. It was once thought that these two had actually invented the process of porcelain manufacture as a result of

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WORCESTER.

their own experiments: it is now accepted that they had acquired the necessary knowledge from some outside source, almost certainly from Bristol, where a factory run by Benjamin Lund, a local brassfounder, was in existence in 1748. It seems probable that the pundits, wedded to their innocent punditry, will be arguing happily about what is Bristol and what is early Worcester when the Last Trump blares forth its imperative summons; so far it is fair to say that they agree that the use of steatite ("soapy-rock," in the familiar basic English of the mid-eighteenth century) is the mark of both factories, that this was a real contribution to good practice, that a few pieces are known which bear the impressed mark BRISTOLL, and that certain painters whose mannerisms can be identified worked for both places.

Mr. F. A. Barrett, in his excellent Faber book on Worcester Porcelain, notes among these Bristol-Worcester painters the one who has long been known as "the fine-brush painter," and the other who was fond of birds with long fan-like tails and tall Chinamen carrying sunshades. The latter's work is found on opaque white Bristol glass and also on Bristol tin-enamel earthenware. His "handwriting" is easily recognised by the least expert eye, particularly when he allows his imagination to play around his long-legged Chinaman flaunting through the garden beneath the gay parasol and apparently wearing a bustle under his robe—though, to be sure, nature may have endowed him at birth in that way. As is invariably the case when looking at the early productions of this or any other factory, I find myself regretting the absence of any personal records of the individuals whose enterprise and inventiveness brought them into being—a few letters from the gifted Nicolas Sprimont, of Chelsea, for example, or some contemporary account of a meeting with Dr. Wall or any of his partners. Of all the great potters of the eighteenth century, the only one who lives in the round is Josiah Wedgwood; the others are scarcely more than shadows.

Of Worcester one thing can be deduced with certainty from the output of these first twenty-odd years—that both Wall and Davis and their collaborators kept their feet firmly on the ground, pursuing a middle course with shrewd commercial acumen, not toying overmuch with difficult and chancy ornaments like figures (Worcester figures are exceedingly rare) but concentrating upon useful wares nicely adapted to the taste of a prosperous

French, was introduced about 1756 by Robert Hancock, who remained at Worcester until 1774. One soon begins to recognise these prints, but the business of distinguishing between the various decorators is decidedly more difficult, a task made more complicated by the practice after about 1768 of sending a great deal of the output "in the white" to be decorated at Kentish Town in the workshop of James Giles, who did some of the work himself and also employed others. In addition to Giles (who is, by the way, thought by many to have been responsible for the "dishevelled birds" already mentioned), the London miniature painters, John Donaldson and J. H. O'Neale, played an important part. Giles seems to have operated on a fairly large scale if one may judge from an oft-quoted advertisement of 1768, in which he announces the opening of a warehouse in Cockspur Street—he "begs leave to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, etc. that



A WORCESTER DR. WALL PERIOD COFFEE-POT DECORATED IN THE WORKSHOP OF JAMES GILES: WITH "EXOTIC AND DISHEVELLED BIRDS," BY THE "WET-BRUSH PAINTER."

(Height: 8½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

the said Warehouse is daily opened with a great variety of articles . . . curiously painted in DRESDEN, CHELSEA and Chinese Tastes, superior to anything before exhibited to the Public on that Porcelaine" (i.e., Worcester). He continues: "As the Proprietor has a great Variety of White goods by him, Ladies and Gentlemen may depend upon having their commands executed immediately and painted to any pattern they chuse."

After these early triumphs the Worcester factory passed into many other hands too numerous for discussion here. It is the "Dr. Wall period" which continues to interest the world at large, most people apparently preferring the rather lavishly decorated pieces which can be dated to the time when some of the Chelsea workpeople began to be employed. A more austere taste, though, will find some of the simpler blue and white wares of the 1750's less complicated and more satisfying.

I am told that ten years ago these decidedly modest pieces used to remain unnoticed on at least one dealer's shelves; it appears that to-day they are attracting more and more attention. It may be also because the more famous types of Worcester are becoming more and more expensive.



"A LITTLE GEM": A WORCESTER DR. WALL PERIOD YELLOW-GROUND TEAPOT. THE PIECES ILLUSTRATED HERE WERE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE DARCY EDMUND TAYLOR, ESQ., WHICH WAS AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S ON APRIL 9. (Height: 4½ ins.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

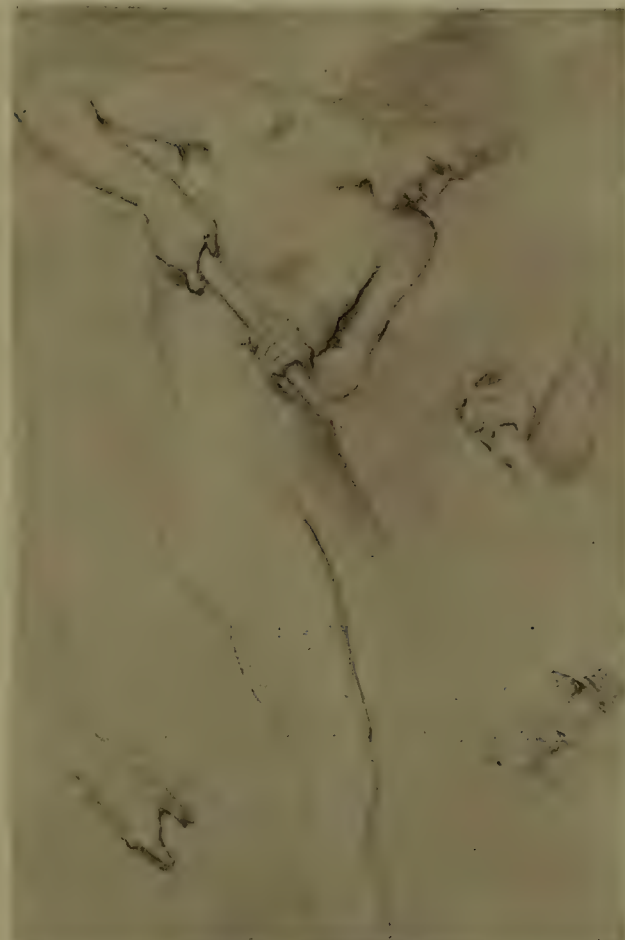
middle class; wares which had plenty of colour but which were not so expensive as the delicate porcelain of Meissen or of Sèvres. Thus, without any princely patronage, they saved themselves and built for the future.

Transfer printing from copper plates, of designs adapted from contemporary prints, many of them

FINE INGRES DRAWINGS.



"STRATONICE," A STUDY IN THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION OF INGRES DRAWINGS FROM MONTAUBAN. (Pencil; 8½ by 5½ ins.)



"RUGGIERO ON HORSEBACK": A STUDY FOR INGRES' "ANGELICA SAVED BY RUGGIERO," OF WHICH THERE IS A VERSION IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Pencil; 15½ by 9½ ins.)

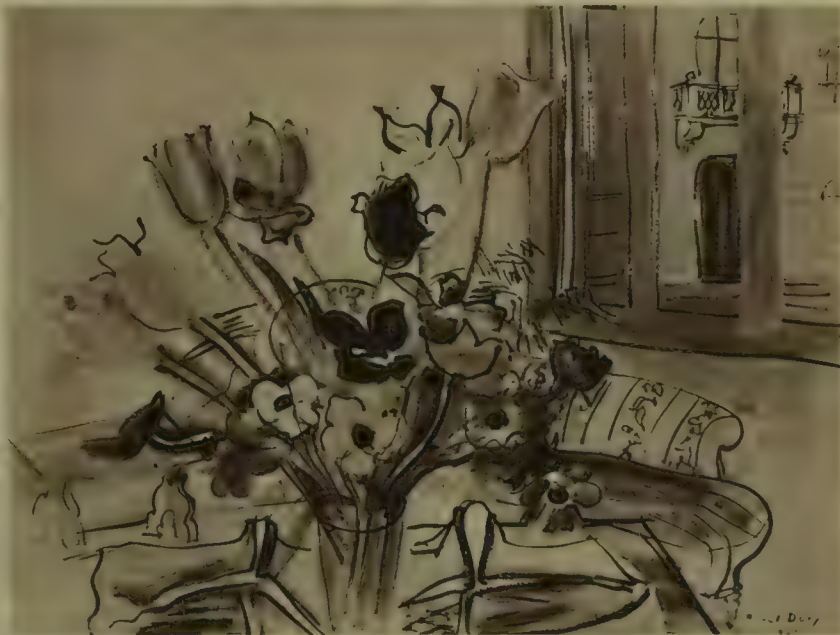
JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES was born at Montauban in 1780, and though he spent only a few years there he remembered the city where he was born in a magnificent bequest leaving almost the entire contents of his studio, including 4000 of his own drawings and a number of his paintings. Seventy of these drawings have been selected by M. Daniel Ternois, Director of the Musée Ingres at Montauban, to constitute an impressive exhibition which continues at the Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, until May 18, and will then be shown at Manchester and Leeds. The emphasis has been laid on the studies, many of them of the nude, for Ingres' important paintings, though some of his more familiar portrait drawings and two landscape drawings are also included.

FRENCH MASTERS IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.

MANY of the thirty-two works in Messrs. Tooth's current "Paris-Londres" Exhibition have been recently acquired in France, and the majority of the artists represented are French. Among these is Albert Lebourg (1849-1928), who may be described as one of the minor masters of the Impressionist School, though he was never far removed from the traditions of Boudin and Jongkind, both of whom are also represented in his exhibition. Lebourg studied in Rouen, and many of his most sensitive landscapes were painted in the valley of the Seine. He was also most successful in his paintings of Paris, as was the slightly earlier Stanislas Lépine. It has now become a feature of these mixed London exhibitions to show the work of such lesser French masters in the company of one or two works of their more famous compatriots. Thus the visitor is able to study the remarkable factors of continuity in the French school.



(Above.) "LA SEINE A OISSEL," BY ALBERT LEBOURG (1849-1928): IN THE EXHIBITION "PARIS-LONDRES," WHICH CONTINUES AT ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, 31, BRUTON STREET, UNTIL APRIL 27. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 28½ ins.)



(Right.) "TULIPES, 1942"; ONE OF TWO WATER-COLOURS BY RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953). DUFY, WHO MADE MANY STRIKING DESIGNS FOR MATERIALS AND TAPESTRIES, COMBINED A FLUID LINE AND VIVID COLOURS IN HIS MOST STRIKING WATER-COLOURS. (Water-colour; 19½ by 25½ ins.)



"BORDS DE SEINE," BY STANISLAS LEPINE (1836-92), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF COROT AND A FRIEND OF BOUDIN. HE PASSED MOST OF HIS LIFE IN PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. (Oil on canvas; 11 by 15½ ins.)



IRONICALLY RESEMBLING SCHOOLBOYS' PAPER DARTS: THE POWERFUL AND HIGHLY COMPLEX DELTA AND SWEEP-WING AIRCRAFT OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Many of the latest and fastest of the world's aircraft bear an ironical resemblance to that simple plaything of schoolchildren, the paper dart. These aircraft are termed delta-wing because of the similarity in shape of their triangular wings to the letter delta, the fourth of the Greek alphabet. Britain has three outstanding types of delta-wing aircraft, the Gloucester *Javelin*, a two-seat, all-weather fighter, the giant Avro *Vulcan* bomber and the Fairey *Delta 2* which holds the world's speed record. The Russian and the Vulcan

are in service with the R.A.F. A British deeply swept-wing aircraft is the English Electric P-1, the pre-production model of which, the P-1B, made its first flight on April 4. The United States are ahead in the development of these flying triangles, and among their most successful types are the F-102A, a single-seat fighter with a speed of about 1000 m.p.h., the XF-2Y 1, the XF-92A and the XFV-1. There are also a number of American experimental delta-wing aircraft. A slight variation in delta-wing design

is the more fish-like shape of the F4D-1 Douglas *Skovray*. Another type of American delta-wing aircraft is the giant bombers which are now under construction. These, it has been stated, will be powered with four or more of the most powerful jet engines and will be equipped with special booster rockets for aiding the take-off. The fuselage will be long and narrow, like that of the existing B-36 bombers, and their speed will be equal to that of present-day fighters. As is well known, experiments are being conducted in

America for the production of aircraft propelled by atomic engines, and it has been reliably forecast that one of these machines will be flying within the next five years. One of the problems of the atomic engine is that of protecting passengers from the atomic radiation and an exceptionally long fuselage may be used to help overcome this difficulty. The Russian Air Force has a number of delta-wing aircraft in service, and it is reported that delta-wing bombers are being produced in Russia.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

HITLER'S PRESS CHIEF FILLS IN THE DARK SHADOWS.

"THE HITLER I KNEW": By OTTO DIETRICH.* Translated by Richard and Clara Winston.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"OUR little Dr. Dietrich," said Hitler on the night of February 22, 1942, "is an extremely clever man. He doesn't write well, but his speeches are often first-rate. I'm proud to be able to think that, with such a collaborator at my side, I can make a sheer about-turn, as I did on 22nd June last [the sudden, treacherous onslaught against his Russian ally] without anyone's moving a muscle. And that's a thing," Hitler complacently added, "that's possible in no country but ours." That passage succinctly suggests our little Dr. Dietrich's functions. A journalist from Essen, he joined Hitler's staff in 1931. "From 1933 to 1945," the German publisher of this book tells us, "he remained an intimate associate of Hitler's as Reich press chief. This account was written in 1946, during Dietrich's internment in the British camp at Fallingbostal, while the events narrated were still fresh in his memory. At Christmas 1948 . . . he presented the manuscript to the person who was then caring for his youngest child. The manuscript remains exactly as it was written. Dietrich died a year after his release from prison in November 1952. Although he felt himself equipped for and obliged to write his biography of Hitler, he preferred not to have it published during his lifetime. After his death, he felt, his credibility and his determination to be objective could not be challenged on the grounds of self-interest." That sounds as though he must have been an honest, as he obviously was to some extent, and a repentant, man. At any rate, it is clear that he wasn't one of those who wanted, when the disgusting Nazi dream was over, to put himself straight either with his bewildered and disappointed fellow-countrymen or with the victors.

He was a simple soul who, like many others, was hypnotised by Hitler and never realised, until too late, what sort of demon he was serving. This innocent mouthpiece, in a prison-camp, wrote: "He came to power as a socialistic popular leader, as the creator of new ideas. Because he rescued them from a dire economic catastrophe, the people believed his promises, hailed him as a bearer of good fortune, favourite of destiny, and conferred upon him total power. In the course of the years, as his character and his aims changed, he used his power to ruin the nation. He was not the greatest of mortals as he imagined himself to be. For all his genius, he had no moral greatness, and his strength was without blessing. He fell victim to the intoxication of power, was led into conflicts which he could not control and which sucked the entire nation into the whirlpool of destruction. The people were dazzled by his great triumphs in the field of social welfare, and his nationalistic achievements. His outward show of likable personal traits deceived them in regard to his great but ruinous political tendencies." So Dietrich goes on. "He had changed," he says at a certain point; "The true measure of his political genius is his completed work, as we see it before us in Germany; and the true measure of his human and moral stature can be seen in the kind of death he chose and the legacy he left."

There is a good deal more of the same sort of thing. Dietrich says: "As a publicist who believed in the Nazi cause I consistently presented the more decent and likable sides of Hitler to the people, thereby helping to bring him closer to the hearts of many Germans. At that time I sincerely

believed that my task was in the best interests of the nation. But my pro-Hitler writings have since, due to the change in the times and the change in the man, become a heavy burden on my conscience. I therefore feel obliged to present the darker aspects of the man which were later revealed, to draw in the shadows in order to finish the picture."

It really won't wash. "Little Dr. Dietrich" was a complaisant tool as long as the going was good, and his "conscience" took an unconscionable time a-waking. As long ago as 1933, when he published his book "With Hitler to Power," he must either have been very innocent and ignorant or have humbugged himself. "I enthusiastically," he says, "described Hitler's peaceful struggle for the soul of the German people. I presented National Socialism as imbued with the desire for peace." If he had ever read "*Mein Kampf*"—and I admit that it isn't easy to read—he could have seen openly averred in it Hitler's plans, from which he never diverged, for wholesale

in, the murders of millions of people in the gas-chambers of the Camps. But, even at that, it is difficult not to think that his conscience operated in inverse ratio to the Führer's successes in the field.

As for his book, a large portion of it confirms his Leader's opinion that he couldn't write. Except when he is reporting actual happenings, he is vague, wordy, verbose and addicted, in the familiar Teutonic manner, to abstract terms. He cannot even describe Hitler's character without launching out into: "The problem of all philosophical knowledge is that of the relationship of subject to object—that is, the incapacity of human beings as parts of the universe to place themselves above this universe as knowing subjects. In the sphere of national order Hitler, too, faced this problem. . . . His imperious nature could not strike a compromise between the individual and the community. At the very bottom of his soul the dualism of his character could not be overcome, and its effects were radiated outward for

all to see. His egocentricity operated strikingly in his treatment of people around him. No one in the vicinity of Hitler stood a chance of developing a personality in his own right. Passionate subjectivist as Hitler was, he had no understanding or sympathy for objectivity. Again and again he stressed that he wanted to cleanse the minds of the German people of all 'objectivity nonsense' and educate them to subjective thinking. He was the purest subjectivist imaginable, for he evaluated people solely by the standard of their usefulness to his ends."

An Englishman would have phrased all this more bluntly, briefly and impolitely; but Dietrich might, in an earlier age, have lectured in philosophy at Jena, Heidelberg or Göttingen. Hitler said in public speeches "Our Reich will last for a thousand years" and "I am the greatest German who ever lived": in another country than his the response of the audience to the first remark would have been a murmured "That's what you think" and, to the second, a resounding "Hi! come off it" or "Cheese it!"

But, after a slow beginning, which well might deter an irresolute reader from proceeding, little Dr. Dietrich, the journalist and not the pretentious philosopher, does record many facts which will help the historian to obtain a complete picture of Hitler's ascent and rule. For Dietrich's opinions,

about Hitler's prowess or mistakes as soldier and politician I care nothing. But when it comes to records of events that took place under his nose I trust him; he may have lied to himself for many years, but I don't think that when in gaol, projecting his memoirs *d'outré tombe* he lied, or wished to lie, to others. Chief amongst the myths which he dissipates is that which ascribed the rise of Hitler to power to the financial backing of great Industrial Barons. From the start it seemed to me unlikely that Conservative Capitalists with a belief in property would back a Revolutionary Socialist who was a nobody, who would bore them, and who might ruin them. But Hitler combined his Socialism with nationalism, racialism, and anti-Semitism; and to many innocent or guileful minds that must indicate that he was the instrument of wicked capitalists. Dietrich's account of the party finances must disillusion any believer in that theory who is not proof against disillusionment.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 602 of this issue.

THE RESTORED ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AT VERSAILLES.



NOW RESTORED TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CEILING OF THE OPERA HOUSE AT VERSAILLES: DURAMEAU'S PAINTING OF "APOLLO REWARDING THE ARTS."

One of the former glories of Versailles, and of France, has been restored to its former magnificence. This is the Royal Opera House, which was used for the first time in 1770, on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin, the future Louis XVI, with Marie Antoinette. The Opera House was in a deplorable state when the restoration work was started, and the roof painting, found rolled up elsewhere in the Château, had been replaced by a glass ceiling at the time when the theatre had been made into an assembly hall. Now Durameau's great oval painting of "Apollo Rewarding the Arts" is back in its rightful place. Another view of the restored Opera House appears on the facing page.

This illustration has no connection with the book under review.

brigandage in the East. In 1934 "the darker aspects of the man" might surely have been revealed to him by that ghastly Night of Long Knives. Many years ago he must surely have heard Hitler expounding those brutal views of which Rauschning, after leaving the country, published a record. Then came invasion after invasion, annexation after annexation, and little Dr. Dietrich remained faithfully at his post of Press Agent, Public Relations Officer, or, bluntly, advertising man. So constantly in attendance, he must surely have heard plenty of those monologues (recorded in that most revealing and shocking of books, "Hitler's Table Talk"), in which Hitler announced his firm intentions of annexing all Russia up to the Urals, giving Germans all the best lands, enslaving the Russian population and refusing them even the right to be vaccinated, and of wholesale extermination of Jews and opponents. Yet little Dr. Dietrich still stayed on; and it wasn't until a few weeks before the last mass-suicide in the Berlin Bunker that he retired from that gruesome Court. Perhaps he may not have heard about, or refused to believe

* "The Hitler I Knew." By Otto Dietrich, Hitler's Press Chief from 1933-45. (Methuen; 18s.)



RESTORED TO ITS FORMER GLORY: THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AT VERSAILLES, READY FOR ITS INAUGURATION AT THE SPECIAL PERFORMANCE IN THE QUEEN'S HONOUR DURING THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE.

It is a particularly happy thought that the opening of the newly-restored Royal Opera House in the Château of Versailles should have been arranged to coincide with the Royal visit to France. The work of restoration has been completed after an infinite amount of patient research and work which has been carried out by M. Japy, the architect-in-chief at the Château, and his staff. They have succeeded, in a comparatively short space of time, in restoring a building, in some danger of collapse, to the original magnificence of 1770, the year in which it was used for the first time on the occasion of the marriage of

the Dauphin, the future Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. It was designed by Gabriel and was outstanding even in an age of beauty and achievement. At the time of the Revolution it fell in disuse and years later, when Louis Philippe turned the Château into a national museum, its walls were covered in coats of red paint. Here Queen Victoria was entertained at a great fête and ball in 1855; from 1871-75 it was a hall for meetings of the National Assembly, and later for the Senate. Now it has been restored to its former glory in time for another Royal inauguration—this time by a British sovereign.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A QUESTION which has puzzled me, long and often, is whether my way of garden life would have been pleasanter, happier, more contented if

I had lived and gardened on one of those acid, peaty soils on which rhododendrons and azaleas flourish. I doubt it. The home garden of my childhood—in fact, until I was twenty-one—was neither truly pro- nor anti-rhododendron. On the lawn there were two large oval beds in which rhododendrons, azaleas and a few kalmias grew grudgingly, without the healthy enthusiasm which spells real beauty. I suspect that the soil in those beds had been salted with a certain amount of peat, though we were not in a definitely 'chalky or limy district. The beds were a typical nurseryman's job, and a Victorian nurseryman at that. They seemed, moreover, to exercise an irresistible attraction for tennis balls. The only things in all that collection of "American plants," as they were called in those days, that gave me real pleasure as a small child were the kalmias. Their cherry-red buds and shell-pink blossoms fascinated me, with their clean, pure colour and their neat elaborate formation, deeply puckered like smocked satin. But there was nothing in our large and lovely garden to awaken in me a life-long love and passion for rhododendrons. It was perhaps for this reason that when, in later life, I had to decide upon where to settle down to live and garden, I did not feel that it *must* be in rhododendron country. For forty or so years I lived at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, where the soil was stiff to the verge of clay, with chalk below and all around, and now, for the last ten years, on oolitic limestone in the Cotswolds.

It has been the same with camellias. They, too, demand a lime-free soil, and in the garden of my childhood the only camellias were one or two starved and stunted old specimens in pots which hung around in one of the vine-houses, to produce a grudging, miserly supply of blossoms which in a later era came to be regarded as "too, too Victorian, my dear." In fact, almost as *démodé* as fuchsias. How fashions change! Probably if I had been born and bred on a rhododendron soil I would have migrated to rhododendron country, there to grow and breed rhododendrons and camellias. As it is, my only rhododendrons are little ones, living in little pots, to be brought into the house when in flower. The only one planted out in my garden is a specimen of *R. hirsutum*, the Alpine species which is tolerant of lime. It is the rare double-flowered variety, which I brought as a cutting from the gardens at Glamis Castle many years ago.

As to camellias, I have one specimen only, which I bought as a foot-high youngster a year ago. It has done well in a pot, and having wintered in my unheated greenhouse. It is that lovely, semi-single variety "Donation," and for the last ten days or so has lived indoors, with five exquisite pink blossoms, with a central brush of primrose-yellow stamens. However, thanks to this small but delicious success with my one solitary pot camellia, I have decided to

CAMELLIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

invest in a few other varieties. And this decision has been further and very strongly stimulated by a sumptuous book on these glorious shrubs which has just been published, and which I have been studying with interest and profound admiration. I refer to "The Camellia," edited by Beryl Leslie Urquhart, and published by The

Leslie Urquhart Press.* Mrs.

Urquhart appears to have constituted herself her own publisher and press, a plan which has turned out very well indeed. It is

a large volume. I do not know the technical terms for the various sizes in books, but it is rather larger than those volumes of reproductions of Redouté's illustrations of roses which have appeared recently, and which have been such a joy to us all.

Mrs. Urquhart's "The Camellia" contains three reproductions of paintings of camellias by Raymond Boothe and seventeen reproductions of paintings by Paul Jones, and these illustrations are truly magnificent, both in the original painting, and in the reproduction. They are indeed by far the finest examples of modern flower portrait painting that it has been my good fortune to meet for a very long time, and the superb quality of the reproduction is entirely worthy of the painting. These plant portraits seem to have everything, masterly drawing, full and accurate colour, perfect suggestion of texture both of the almost waxy nature of the flowers, and the hard, polished, almost horn-like quality of the deep-green leaves. There they are, generous, healthy, well-flowered sprays of these sumptuous flowers, each laid upon its ample, roomy page, with no striving after pictorial effect, yet each a most satisfying picture.

But this is no mere picture-book. The text is at once authoritative, of real help and value to would-be growers of camellias, and—what is so lamentably rare in works on horticulture—eminently readable. The editor's own delightful introductory pages are followed by a chapter "Camellias in America," by Ralph Peer, of Los Angeles; a page giving an account of "The Introduction of the Camellia into Australia," by E. C. Waterhouse, of Gordon, New South Wales, whilst each of the illustrations is given a full page of text, devoted to historical and most valuable cultural information. It is good to learn that further companion volumes are to follow this first one, and at the amazingly moderate price of 75s. Who will be able to resist this grand book and its future companions? Personally, I have no intention of trying.

Of one thing I feel very sure. The recent revival of interest in camellias is bound to be stimulated by Mrs. Urquhart's book. It has been said, and truly said, that camellias—with one or two exceptions—are as hardy as laurels, a fact which should be more widely realised, and although it is foolish to plant them out on a limy or chalky soil, they may yet be grown in big pots or tubs if given the right type of peaty loam. Planted in the open they appreciate partial shade, or an aspect in which they are shielded from early morning sun. Some sort of winter protection is necessary for specimens grown in pots, except in truly mild localities, and for this an unheated greenhouse is excellent, or they may be stood in some airy shed, with their pots tucked up with protective straw or matting. And so, from now on, I must start saving up for the next volume of "The Camellia."



CAMELLIA JAPONICA "TRICOLOR": ONE OF THE SUPERB FLOWER PORTRAITS BY PAUL JONES IN THE RECENTLY-PUBLISHED BOOK, "THE CAMELLIA."

To quote the description: "C. 'Tricolor' is very variable in colour; the ground colour may be white or shades of pink or red. In the pink form, as illustrated, the petals are flushed in varying degree with rose-pink and heavily striped or splashed with deep carmine rose." It was introduced into Belgium in 1829 by Von Siebold.

Reproduced from "The Camellia," by courtesy of the publishers, The Leslie Urquhart Press

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THE DOKAN DAM PROJECT—A PART OF IRAQ'S GREAT DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME.



THE REGION WHERE THE NEW DAM IS BEING BUILT: THE DOKAN GORGE, THE SITE OF THE DAM, CAN BE SEEN ON THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND SIDE.



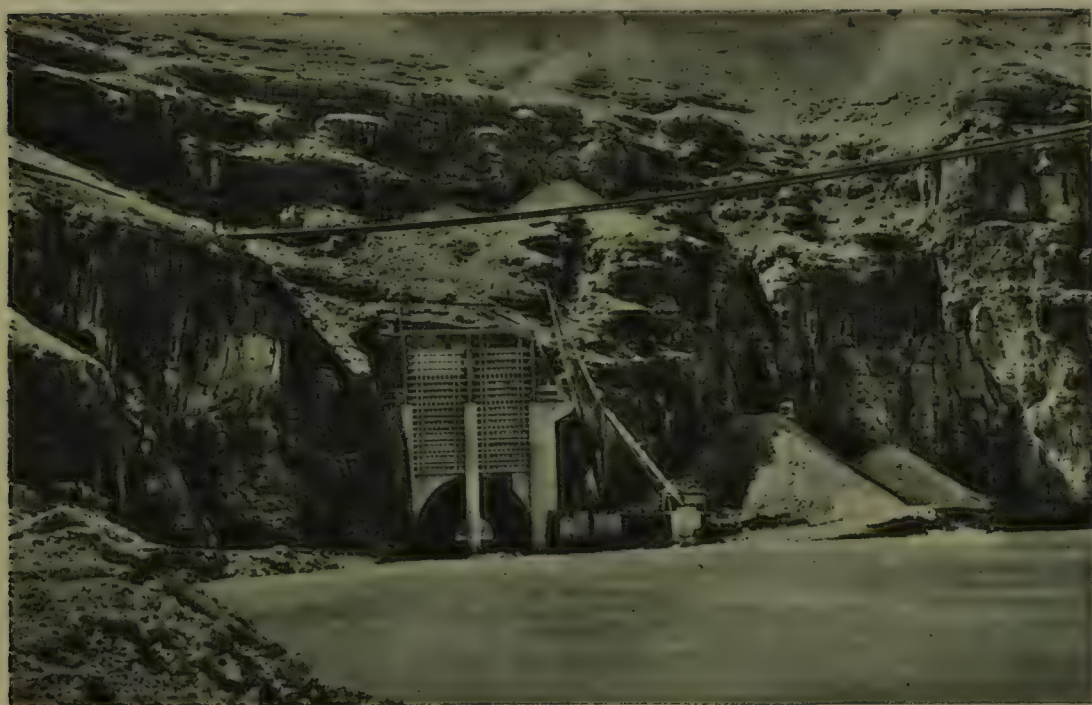
PART OF THE CONSTRUCTION WORK BEING CARRIED OUT ON THE SITE OF THE DAM: A LARGE SHEET OF METAL BEING SHAPED TO FORM A SECTION OF CONDUIT.



A VIEW FROM ONE OF THE TWO TUNNELS TO BE USED AS SPILLWAYS WHEN THE DAM IS COMPLETE. THE SPILLWAYS WILL CARRY AWAY EXCESS WATER.



THE DAM AS IT WILL APPEAR FROM THE AIR WHEN COMPLETED: A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUNTING AEROSURVEYS OF A SCALE MODEL.



ONE END OF THE DIVERSION TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH THE WATERS OF THE LESSER ZAB ARE FLOWING WHILE THE DAM IS BEING BUILT.



ONE MEMBER OF THE IRAQI LABOUR FORCE OF OVER 1000 WHICH IS EMPLOYED ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DAM.

Oil revenues have made possible a large-scale development programme in Iraq and one of the major projects of the programme is the Dokan Dam. Together with irrigation barrages and channels the Dokan Dam will greatly increase agricultural productivity and will lessen the risk of flooding. It will also make possible the generation of cheap electric power. Work was started on the project in 1954, and on March 29 this year, during Iraq Development Week, King Faisal II laid the foundation-stone of the huge dam. During the Development Week, King Faisal also opened two new bridges in Baghdad, and these were illustrated in our issue of March 30. The main contractors for the dam are the Group Dumez-Ballot of Paris, and the Consulting Engineers

are Binnie, Deacon and Gourley, of London. One of the tasks involved in the building of the dam has been the sealing of the porous rock of the Dokan Gorge and this is being carried out at a cost of about £3,000,000 by Cementation Co. Ltd., London. The water to be provided by the dam will be used to irrigate some 2000 square miles of desertland. The 4000 farmers whose land will be inundated by the reservoir are to be resettled in an area to the north of the dam. The power station which is to be built in the Dokan Gorge is expected to produce enough light and power for a city eight times as large as Baghdad. The dam is on the Lesser Zab River and is situated about 40 miles north-west of Sulaimaniyah.

"LOOKING AT BIRDS" WITH AN EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHER: A CURRENT EXHIBITION.



(Above.)
HOLDING A STRIPED HAWK MOTH: A BEE-EATER STANDING ON THE SKULL OF A COW IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.



A NIGHT HERON PREPARING TO SETTLE OVER ITS EGGS. NOTE THE LARGE EYE TYPICAL OF A CREPUSCULAR AND NOCTURNAL BIRD.

A CURRENT London exhibition is of great interest not only to those who enjoy taking photographs, or looking at them, but also to those very many people who love birds. This exhibition, entitled "Looking at Birds," is a collection of some of the work of the world-famous bird photographer, Mr. Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U., whose photographs are well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News*. The exhibition, which is being held at Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, is sponsored by the British Trust for Ornithology, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and the Wildfowl Trust. It was to be opened at a Private View on April 9 by the well-known artist and naturalist, Mr. Peter Scott, C.B.E., D.S.C., after which it was to be open to the public from April 10-18 and April 23-27 inclusive. The hours of opening are: Mondays to Fridays, 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.; Saturdays, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon. Admission is free. A selection of photographs from this fine exhibition is shown on this and on the facing page.



AN IMPRESSIVE PATTERN: OYSTER-CATCHERS MASSED TOGETHER ON HILBRE ISLAND, IN THE CHESHIRE DEE.



AT THEIR NEST IN THE TOP OF A CORK OAK TREE AT COTO DONANA, SOUTHERN SPAIN: A PAIR OF KITES—MOST ELEGANT BIRDS—AND THEIR YOUNG.



IN WEST WALES: A PEREGRINE WHICH, THOUGH FIERCE IN LOOKS AND BEHAVIOUR, IS VERY GENTLE WITH ITS YOUNG.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.

BIRDS IN THEIR NATURAL HABITATS: STUDIES FROM A FINE EXHIBITION.



IN A NEST SLUNG UNDER A BRANCH OF AN ALDER TREE IN HOLLAND: A GOLDEN ORIOLE FEEDING A SILVER Y MOTH TO ITS YOUNG.



IN DISPLAY ATTITUDE IN SPAIN: THE SQUACCO HERON, WHICH HAS WHITE PLUMAGE, FLUSHED WITH ORANGE-BUFF AND CINNAMON-PINK.

There are more than 100 photographs of birds in the "Looking at Birds" exhibition at Kodak House. They have all been taken during the last ten years by Mr. Eric Hosking, who combines a great knowledge of ornithology with an outstanding photographic technique. Last year Mr. Hosking was a member of the Coto Doñana expedition which conducted a scientific survey of the birds of Southern Spain, and there he photographed many rare birds,

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.

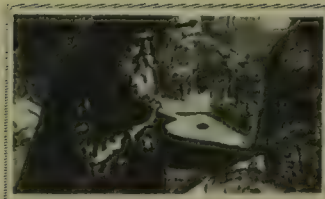


TAKING ITS NAME FROM ITS LONG PINK LEGS: THE BLACK-WINGED STILT WHICH WADES IN DEEP WATER PICKING INSECTS OFF THE SURFACE.



IN SOUTHERN SPAIN: A HOOPOE BRINGING A LIZARD TO ITS NEST WHICH WAS IN A BEEHIVE BUILT OF CORK OAK.

some of which can be seen in this exhibition. Mr. Hosking, in collaboration with Dr. P. S. H. Henry, of Manchester, has evolved an interesting technique whereby birds in flight photograph themselves, and a working model showing how this is done can be seen at the exhibition. Visitors to Kodak House can also inspect a typical hide used by a bird photographer as well as some of Mr. Hosking's photographic equipment.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MALLARD'S COURTSHIP RITUAL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

LAST year we had a pair of mallard. They brought off a family of ducklings, after which we released them on a large ornamental lake in the neighbourhood. This may seem an aimless thing to do, but it was not quite like that. We had hoped to keep them permanently, and they were placed in a fairly roomy aviary pending the construction of a pond. We put them in an aviary rather than pinion them. The duck-pond was duly made and our plan was to build round it a large wire enclosure; but the plan misfired because the two men I employed to cement the pond were less skilled than they made themselves out to be. The pond has never held water, for as the cement dried it cracked in all directions. Meanwhile, the mallard were provided with the best substitute we could find—an iron bath, oval in shape, 3 ft. long by 2 ft. across and a little over a foot deep. A ramp was arranged on one side to enable the mallard to enter the water in comfort.

During March and April they performed some strange evolutions in this limited stretch of water. Both duck and drake would enter it together and swim round and round each other, bobbing their heads up and down. At other times, they would be side by side, like two ships moored in a tiny harbour, and in this position they would go through a form of preening. The drake would lift one wing slightly and reach behind it with his bill as if to preen himself. Instead of doing so, he would run his bill over the heel of the wing, producing a sound like a small wooden rattle. The duck would then return the compliment by mock-preening in the same way, but less vigorously. At other times the drake would turn his head towards the duck, with the feathers standing up on it, so that the head appeared distorted, absurdly high for its breadth. He would also swim while dipping his bill repeatedly in the water, in a form of mock-drinking.

The most remarkable of the evolutions were, however, the grunt-whistle and a kind of mock-flying. The grunt-whistle is not a term of my own invention but the one used by the orthodox behaviourist to describe a particular sequence of behaviour. In this, the drake plunged his head under water, then raised it forwards and up, at the same time stretching up his neck. All this was done as a quick action so that a shower of water was thrown into the air. Towards the end of the movement, he emitted a high-pitched whistle, which was preceded or followed by a grunting noise. To call the second action mock-flying is to use a term of my own which fails to describe it accurately; but what else can one do? In the course of this the drake would dive beneath the surface, yet without wholly submerging, swim round for a brief moment as if flying under water, then, in one continuous movement, emerge from the water flying, only to land about a yard away from the rim of the bath. The action was so complicated that no single word, or even a short phrase, is adequate to describe it, and it was so rapid that the eye found difficulty in following it. It was also a kind of ritual, for the drake would repeat this mock-flying, as I have called it, a

dozen times in succession. As soon as he landed on the ground outside the bath, he would waddle along to the ramp, climb it, enter the water, and repeat the exercise, as if doing it "for the fun of it."

All the actions described here had the appearance of a ritual. That is to say, they were stereotyped in form and the pattern of any single action never varied, no matter how many times

ceremonial, in the wild state, is most intense in autumn, when the mallard pair off. It seems to begin with the drakes gathering in small groups, mainly facing inwards. Then, if a duck swims towards them or among them, it is as if she incites them to begin. Then follows the mock-drinking, the false-preening, the grunt-whistling, and other actions known as up-and-down movements, head-up-tail-up, shaking and gasping. In the first of these last four, the mallard moves the head up and down in a sort of pumping movement. In

the head-up-tail-up, the drake does precisely what this phrase implies; he holds his tail up and his head up, and the wings also are half-opened and held vertically, in a statuesque pose. In the shaking, he rises well out of the water and lifts his head up in a series of shaking movements.

The pattern of the movements carried out by the assembled drakes, although it does not include an orderly sequence of these movements, nevertheless has something of the flavour of the ceremonial dance common to many races of human beings. That it has something to do with courtship is evident because as it proceeds first one duck then another will select her partner. She does this by swimming up to him and nibbling at the feathers on the back of his head, after which he leaves the group and swims away. The duck swims after him, and as she does so she turns her head repeatedly in a particular way, as if threatening another mallard over her shoulder. The interpretation placed on this action, by those who have studied mallard the most fully, is that she is threatening a non-existent drake, thereby inciting the male, symbolically, to protect her. It has been suggested, therefore, that this action originated in an invitation to the drake to attack his rival and that it has now become a formalised or symbolic action which has lost its original significance: that it is now an avowal of love. Once a drake and duck have paired, they remain together during the rest of the autumn, winter and into spring, when actual mating at last takes place. During this time the symbolic play continues, but with a lessened intensity, between the betrothed pair, as was the case with our two mallard in the bath.

Students of this behaviour in the mallard are by no means agreed either on the sequences it follows or on the interpretation of the actions. The more usual course to follow is to regard each action, like that of the duck allegedly threatening a non-existent male, as purely symbolic. One can see that the false-drinking could be, so to speak, a gesture of peaceful intention, like shaking hands

or "smoking the pipe of peace." The same might be supposed for the false-preening. As to other of the actions, they may be symbolic, but what they symbolise is very difficult to see. The really significant thing, which applies more or less to all birds, is that in their courtship there should be this remarkable ritual, which seems to be an emotional outlet rather than anything else, for we found in our mallard that the drake would quite happily continue his strange evolutions whether the duck took notice of him or not.



A MALLARD DUCK AND DRAKE. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF COURTSHIP IT IS THE DRAKE WHICH LEADS THE WAY, THE DUCK FOLLOWING DEMURELY BEHIND, ALTHOUGH, IN FACT, SHE TAKES THE INITIATIVE IN CHOOSING HIM AND IN INCITING HIM TO "DECLARE HIS INTENTIONS." IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE DUCK IS BEING PURSUED.



THREE MALLARD DRAKES ASSEMBLED FOR COMMUNAL DISPLAY. THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE IS IN THE ACT OF PERFORMING THE EXTRAORDINARY GRUNT-WHISTLE, WHEN, AFTER DIPPING HIS HEAD IN THE WATER, HE THROWS IT UPWARDS WITH A SHOWER OF 'DROPLETS, EMITTING A WHISTLE AS THE NECK IS FINALLY STRETCHED UPWARDS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

it was repeated. Each was as stereotyped as shaking hands, raising the hat or curtsying are with us. As with these human actions, they also appeared to be symbolic, and that is the interpretation usually placed on them.

We were seeing, in fact, parts of the ceremonial courtship in mallard, and in a sufficiently small space, thanks to the inefficiency of those who made the pond, to make it look somewhat ridiculous. But in these circumstances it was easier to follow the separate actions. The

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TRAGIC DEATH IN CAIRO: THE LATE MR. H. E. NORMAN. Mr. Herbert Egerton Norman, who was appointed Canadian Ambassador to Egypt last year, died in Cairo on April 4 after jumping from the roof of an eight-storey building. The Ambassador had been greatly distressed by renewed allegations of Communist connections. Mr. Norman had been a member of the Canadian Foreign Service for eighteen years and was well known as a Far Eastern expert.



THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS: D. GORRIE, OXFORD'S PRESIDENT. Oxford won their tenth successive victory in the University Sports held at the White City on April 6, by 73 points to 53, thus going ahead in the series for the first time since 1877. D. Gorrie, the Oxford President (Oundle and Corpus Christi), won the 880 yards in 1 min. 52.4 secs. It was the Oxford President's first win in the Sports.



TO DIRECT MILITARY TRAINING: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR G. LATHBURY. Lieut.-General Sir Gerald W. Lathbury, who has been Commander-in-Chief, East Africa, since 1955, is to be Director-General of Military Training, War Office, from November, it was announced on April 7. Lieut.-General Lathbury has played a leading part in the final suppression of the Mau Mau terrorist movement.



APPOINTED UNITED KINGDOM AMBASSADOR TO GREECE: SIR ROGER ALLEN.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Roger Allen, lately Minister at the Embassy in Bonn, to be Ambassador to Greece in succession to Sir Charles Peake. Sir Roger Allen, after joining the Foreign Office in 1940, served in Moscow, later becoming head of the U.N. (Political) Department, and then, in 1950, head of the African Department.



COMEDIAN OF STAGE AND FILM: THE LATE MR. NED SPARKS.

Mr. Ned Sparks, the Canadian-born stage and film actor, died in California on April 3, aged seventy-three. He spent some years on the stage before turning to films, and in both mediums entertained with his dry wit and humour. Among his films were such successes as "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Alice in Wonderland."



THE OPENING OF THE NUFFIELD COLLEGE OF SURGICAL SCIENCES: VISCOUNT NUFFIELD (LEFT) AND SIR HARRY PLATT, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS. On April 5 Lord Freyberg, V.C., formally opened the Nuffield College of Surgical Sciences in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Above, Viscount Nuffield is seen shaking hands with Sir Harry Platt, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. A large part of the cost of building the College was met by a gift from Lord Nuffield.



THE WINNER OF £45,714 IN AN AMERICAN TV QUIZ: R. STROM, AGED 10. On April 2 Robert Strom, a ten-year-old boy from New York, increased his winnings on the "64,000-dollar Question" television programme to £45,714. He said later, "Sure I'll be back. I can't lose anything. These questions are a little involved but not too much trouble." He had answered advanced scientific questions.



A FAR EAST APPOINTMENT: AIR MARSHAL THE EARL OF BANDON.

Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon is to be Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Air Force in July, it was reported on April 8. Air Marshal Lord Bandon is at present Commander-in-Chief, 2nd Tactical Air Force, and Commander, 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force. He will succeed Air Marshal Sir Francis Fressanges, who will be retiring from the Royal Air Force.



FOR SERVICE IN KOREA: AN AMERICAN HONOUR FOR 41 COMMANDO, ROYAL MARINES, WHICH SERVED WITH THE AMERICAN 1ST MARINE DIVISION.

On April 3 at the U.S. Ambassador's residence, General Pate (above, right), Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps, presented Lieut.-General Hardy (left), Commandant-General, Royal Marines, with the Presidential Unit Citation awarded to 41 Commando, Royal Marines, for their service in Korea, where the unit fought with the U.S. 1st Marine Division.



A R.A.F. APPOINTMENT: AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. H. EDWARDES JONES.

Air Vice-Marshal J. H. Edwardes Jones is to be Commander-in-Chief of the 2nd Tactical Air Force, with the acting rank of Air Marshal, and will take up his post in June. He will also take over the N.A.T.O. post of Commander, 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force. He will be succeeding Air Marshal Lord Bandon, whose new appointment is reported elsewhere on this page.

GIFTS FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN; A SILENT MARCH; AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE DISMANTLED GAIETY THEATRE: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY'S NEW OFFICE BUILDING.

Work on the demolition of the shell of the dismantled Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, is expected to start soon, and the English Electric Company Ltd. have now made public the design of the eight-storey office building which they are to erect on the site. This design is the work of Messrs. Adams, Holden and Pearson. The famous theatre closed its doors for the last time in 1939.



CAUSE OF A CUT IN RAIL SERVICES "UNTIL ABOUT DECEMBER": THE BURNT-OUT SIGNAL-BOX AT CANNON STREET STATION, LONDON.

A power-operated signal-box which was destroyed by fire at Cannon Street Station early on April 5 cannot be replaced to give full facilities "until about December next," according to a statement issued by British Railways, which added, "until that time a very restricted number of trains will use the station."



READY TO AID FLOOD VICTIMS: *AIDER I*, THE FIRST INLAND "LIFEBOAT" OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, BEING HITCHED TO AN AMBULANCE. The *Aider I*, first inland "lifeboat" of the British Red Cross Society, has been acquired by the Worcestershire branch of the Red Cross and, as a combined water ambulance and mobile dispensary, it is ready to bring prompt relief to flood victims. *Aider I* is made of fibre glass.



A DEMONSTRATION OF SYMPATHY WITH OPPRESSED CHRISTIANS IN OTHER COUNTRIES: 40,000 ROMAN CATHOLICS MARCHING TO WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. On April 7, Passion Sunday, a two-mile-long procession of Roman Catholics walked in silent prayer from Hyde Park to Westminster Cathedral in an impressive demonstration of sympathy with oppressed Christians in other countries.



PARIS'S GIFT TO PRINCESS ANNE: A BOX IN THE FORM OF A RELIEF MAP OF THE CITY CONTAINING TWELVE DOLLS.

During the Royal visit to Paris the Queen was presented with gifts by the city of Paris. For the Duke of Cornwall there was a working model (right) of Paris Métro equipment, which consists of two carriages and the two stations, George V and Hotel de Ville. The



PARIS'S GIFT TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: WORKING MODELS OF PARIS METRO CARRIAGES, STATIONS AND EQUIPMENT.

models are complete with automatic closing doors, stationmaster and ticket collector. For Princess Anne there is a box in the form of a relief map of Paris containing twelve dolls, each dressed to represent a different district of the city.

ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND AMERICAN AND JAPANESE DEBUTANTES.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO ROMSEY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING GREETED ON THEIR ARRIVAL BY ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL MOUNTBATTEN.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh carried out a number of engagements shortly before leaving for their State Visit to Paris. On April 2 the Duke visited the Motor Industry Research Association laboratories and proving ground at Lindley, Leicestershire. After touring the laboratories he went on to the proving ground. Mr. Norman Dewis, the chief Jaguar test driver, drove the Duke in a Jaguar XK "SS" sports model for a lap of the high-speed circuit during which they touched 120 m.p.h. Later the Duke took over the wheel himself for half a lap, and touched 100 m.p.h. On April 6 the Queen and the Duke visited Romsey, Hampshire, to take part in celebrations marking the granting of the borough's charter 350 years ago by James I. At the Town Hall the Royal visitors were received by Lord Mountbatten, who is High Steward of Romsey. The Duke of Edinburgh read the lesson at a service of thanksgiving in Romsey Abbey. On the morning of April 8, when the Queen and the Duke left for Paris, hundreds of people gathered at London Airport to see them off. The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, members of the Government and other officials were also on the tarmac to wish her Majesty and his Royal Highness "God Speed." The Queen was wearing a beige wool suit trimmed with mink and a silk beret. Although the weather was grey and overcast when they left, the sun was shining to greet them at Orly Airport.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE CAR PROVING GROUND AT LINDLEY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF A XK "SS" JAGUAR EXPORT MODEL.



BEFORE LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT FOR PARIS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING WISHED "BON VOYAGE" BY THE PRIME MINISTER, MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND OTHERS.



BEFORE BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: A GROUP OF AMERICAN DEBUTANTES WITH MRS. WHITNEY, WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, AT WINFIELD HOUSE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

At the presentation party at Buckingham Palace on April 4 these American debutantes were among those who made their curtsies to her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. Our photograph, taken at Winfield House, the home of the United States Ambassador in London, shows (l. to r.) Gloria Mulhall, Stephanie Cooper, Clare Kirby Olsen, Beatrice Lodge, daughter of the American Ambassador to Spain; Emily H. Martenet, Daphne Fairbanks, daughter of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mrs. Whitney, Nicola Lubitsch, Anita Bleecker, Margot Maxwell, Ann Lamar Parish, Carla Raven and Elizabeth Barrington Haynes.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: JAPANESE DEBUTANTES PRACTISING THEIR OWN VERSION OF THE CURTSY IN FRONT OF MME. NISHI, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.

There was a charming scene in the grounds of the Japanese Embassy in London on April 4, when a group of Japanese debutantes practised their own versions of the curtsy in front of Mme. Nishi, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, before leaving for the presentation party at Buckingham Palace.

FORTY MINUTES OF TERROR: A TORNADO STRIKES DALLAS, TEXAS.



HURLING DEBRIS THROUGH THE AIR: THE DISASTROUS TORNADO RAGING ACROSS DALLAS DURING THE AFTERNOON OF APRIL 2.



MISERABLE AMID THE RUINS OF HIS MASTER'S KITCHEN: A DOG WHICH WAS THE SOLE OCCUPANT OF A HOUSE DESTROYED BY THE TORNADO.



WHERE THE TORNADO RAGED ALONG ITS PATH OF DESTRUCTION: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A DALLAS STREET IN WHICH FIFTY HOMES WERE RUINED.

IN the late afternoon of April 2 the menacing black funnel of a tornado approached the Texas city of Dallas from the south and for forty minutes slashed a path of destruction—between 150 and 500 ft. wide—through the west and north-west of the city. At least ten people were killed and some 400 were injured, while the damage to property was estimated at several million dollars. This is the season of tornadoes in the south-western regions of the United States, and on the same day several other "twisters" struck small towns in Texas and Oklahoma, also causing some loss of life and considerable damage. The tornado that struck Dallas raged on for twenty-one miles, but fortunately it veered away from the centre of the city's business area, and the damage was largely confined to residential areas in the west and

[Continued below.]

(Right.) APPROACHING DALLAS FROM THE SOUTH: THE GRIM, BLACK FUNNEL OF THE TORNADO WHICH KILLED TEN PEOPLE, INJURED OVER 400 AND DESTROYED OR DAMAGED HUNDREDS OF BUILDINGS.



AN AREA OF WEST DALLAS WHICH WAS LEVELLED. THE TORNADO FINALLY BROKE UP NORTH-WEST OF THE CITY, HAVING FORTUNATELY VEERED AWAY FROM THE BUSINESS CENTRE, WHERE THOUSANDS WERE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM WORK.

[Continued.]

north-west. Huge pieces of debris were hurled high into the air. Cars, and even a goods train loaded with bricks, were thrown about as if they were toys. Many of the houses in Dallas have frame structures and these put up little resistance to the destructive force of the tornado, which ripped off the roofs and levelled



NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE STRONGER THAN MAN'S: WITH DEBRIS IN ITS BRANCHES A TREE STANDS GAUNT AMID THE RUINS OF A HOUSE SMASHED BY THE TORNADO, WHICH LASTED FOR FORTY MINUTES.

the walls. Other more sturdily-built houses fared little better, for few structures will survive the terrible force of the inside of a tornado, which can achieve speeds of up to 500 miles per hour. On the same day the worst spring snow-storm for twenty-two years was reported from the Rocky Mountain States.

A DEVELOPMENT IN ISRAEL: THE NEW EILAT—BEERSHEBA OIL PIPELINE.



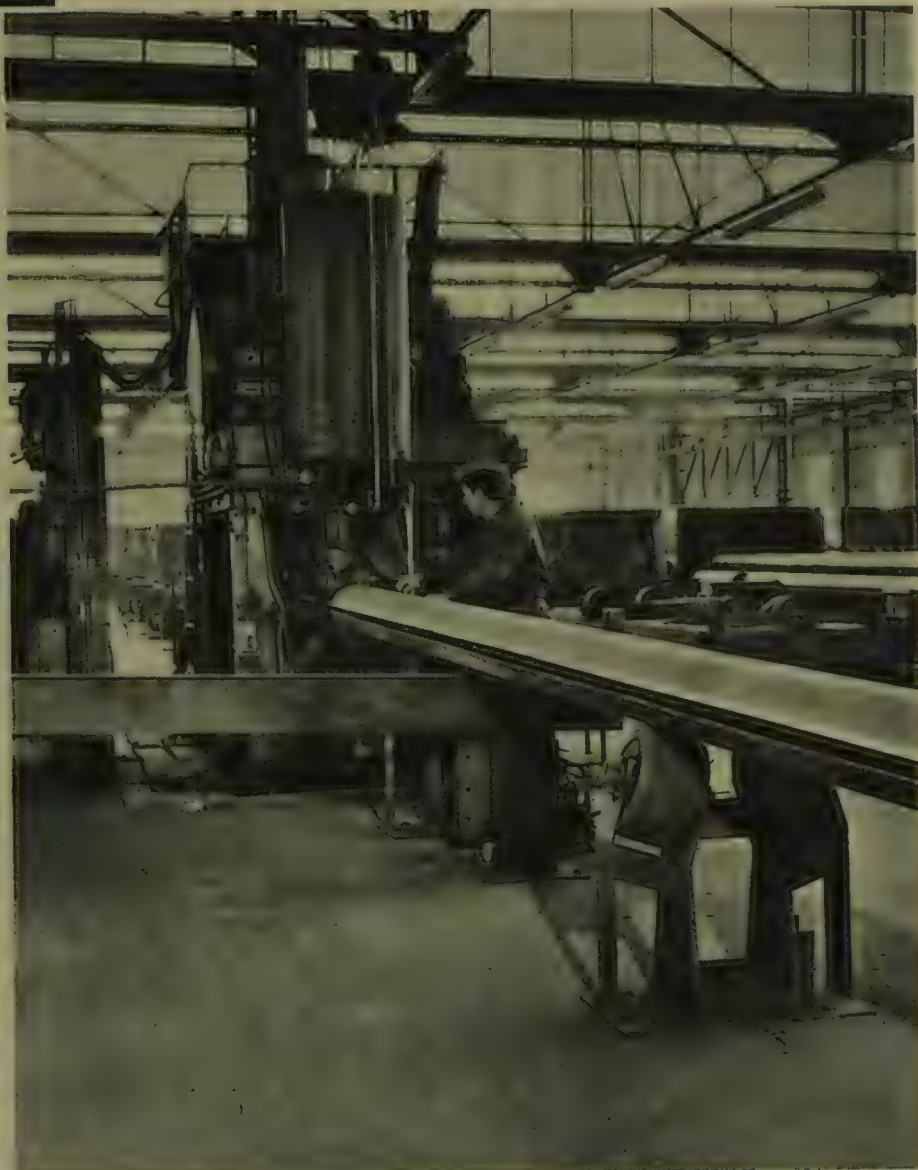
A WELDER JOINING TOGETHER TWO SECTIONS OF THE NEW 8-IN. PIPELINE BEFORE IT WAS LAID IN POSITION IN THE DITCH ON THE RIGHT.



A MODERN DITCH-DIGGING MACHINE AT WORK ON THE TRENCH IN WHICH THE OIL PIPELINE IS BEING LAID.



AT AN ISRAELI PIPE FACTORY: FLAT SHEETS OF STEEL BEING FORCED INTO TUBULAR SHAPE TO FORM SECTIONS OF PIPELINE.



A SECTION OF PIPELINE BEING FED INTO THE WELDING MACHINE, WHICH CLOSES UP THE SEAM.

The Eilat to Beersheba oil pipeline which is at present being built will carry about half of Israel's oil requirements. The effect of the closing of the Suez Canal to Israel's shipping will thus be considerably reduced. The new 8-in. pipeline will link Eilat, the Israeli port at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba, with the rail centre of Beersheba, which lies about 140 miles to the north. On

April 7 the chartered American tanker, the *Kern Hills*, arrived at Eilat with a cargo of crude oil from the Persian Gulf. The oil was transferred to storage tanks and was to be pumped through the new pipeline later this month. The tanker sailed unmolested along the Gulf of Aqaba after passing the Straits of Tiran, where U.N. forces are at present stationed.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

By J. C. TREWIN.

YES, it is certainly Arden again, and on the other Arden's fringe: "As You Like It" at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. It opened on a night when Stratford was very much as we like it, lapped, that is, in the soft cobwebby darkness of an April evening, oars plashing occasionally on the river, a swan or two to study the crowds at theatre-time, and, rising from the Bancroft, a breath of mown grass.

I wish that Arden, on the Memorial stage, had been as gently idyllic. Not, I rush to say, the performance, but the set. It is as well to get these things over at once, and I have to express distaste for Motley's spindly forest, whether in winter (though it looked better by lantern-light) or in the flush of spring.

Still, I agree, Arden is not an easy forest to plant. Everyone must see it differently, and Shakespeare himself was seeing an odd place, with its lioness and serpent, its palm-tree (fortunately we had no palm on view at Stratford—most of the trees seemed to be aspens), its oaks, and its tuft of olives. There is no need by this time to insist upon Shakespeare's fantasticality: a Warwickshire Arden crossed with the forest of the Ardennes, and with a greenwood that never was: all we must know is that they fleet the time carelessly, as in the golden world.

Another title for "As You Like It" would be "Love in a Forest," though I cannot claim that this is in any sense original. The pleasant and portly Mr. Charles Johnson hit on it in 1723 when his version was acted at Drury Lane—a version that, to say the least, was idiosyncratic. He omitted altogether Touchstone, Audrey, William, Corin, Phebe, and Silvius. He changed the wrestling match to a knightly combat in the lists, with Charles accusing Orlando of treason, and the Norfolk-Bolingbroke speeches from "Richard the Second" spatchcocked into the text. I quote now from Dutton Cook:

Jaques is supposed to be the lover of Celia, and is allowed to borrow freely from the sallies of Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing"; while Rosalind is entrusted with Viola's descriptive passage, "She never told her love," from "Twelfth Night." One of the soliloquies of Jaques is composed of scraps from Benedick and Touchstone, with certain feeble essays of Mr. Johnson's Muse employed in the way of connecting links. In the last act the mock play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is introduced, or rather dragged in, and the comedy concludes with the happy union of Rosalind and Orlando and of Jaques and Celia, the original epilogue being omitted. No wonder that "Love in a Forest," after some half-dozen performances (Dutton Cook uses the nice euphemism "enjoying representation"), was finally abandoned.

This, of course, is some way from Glen Byam Shaw's "As You Like It" which is, textually, as faithful to Shakespeare as it is discreet in theatrical contrivance. Mr. Shaw seldom fusses. He is the least capricious of directors. In fact, the only variation I noticed at the première was one to be applauded. We are always told about Shakespeare's trouble with the relative heights of Rosalind and Celia. Mr. Shaw has quietly altered one word. "The smaller is his daughter," says Le Beau, and we can read on from there.

Rosalind is now Dame Peggy Ashcroft: that says nearly everything. We have to like Rosalind the moment she appears; if we have so much as a shadow of doubt, the play can waver. Dame Peggy can inspire more immediate affection than any actress on the stage except, perhaps, Celia Johnson. So it is at Stratford: we warm to

Rosalind on her entry, and after this there is no trouble in threading Arden's glades. On the first night, alas, Dame Peggy had a throat affection. She had to guard her voice, and Rosalind could be only a sketch.



"I WANT TO SEE DAME PEGGY AGAIN. HER PERFORMANCE, FLUENT IN OUTLINE, WILL BE MUCH FULLER AFTER A WEEK OR TWO": DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," WITH RICHARD JOHNSON AS ORLANDO, AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.



LOVE IN A SPINDLY FOREST: A SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," WHICH OPENED THE 98TH SHAKESPEARE SEASON AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, SHOWING ORLANDO (RICHARD JOHNSON) BRINGING HIS OLD SERVANT, ADAM (JAMES WELLMAN), INTO THE OUTLAW'S CAMP FOR FOOD.

Still, the hand was sure. Dame Peggy does not need to frisk or caper, to dart off into those Principal Boy antics that, with an uncertain Rosalind, can depress us. On various other

occasions, while Ganymede has stepped into Arden, I have waited in anguish for the arrival of Whittington's Cat. But Dame Peggy, in her crimson jacket, is essential Ganymede-Rosalind; she is fathoms deep in love, and when she spins round in sudden ecstasy at "But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?" there is no more to add. It is love itself, so very different from the gyrations of the indifferent player—apt to behave like the Colonel of "Patience" who orders: "By sections of threes—Rapture!"

I want to see Dame Peggy again. Her performance, fluent in outline, will be much fuller after a week or two. The Epilogue, spoken already with a glinting charm, will pass into the records. No wonder that I look forward to Imogen, a character worth (I feel) at least a pair of Rosalinds.

On the whole, the company, whether from the "envious court" or the greenwood, is sensitively right. I proclaim with enthusiasm that Richard Johnson's Orlando—I doubt whether he is a descendant of Charles Johnson—is the best within memory: clear, true, a man, not a walking sugar-stick. Robert Harris's voice can burnish the too familiar lines of Jaques, philosophic intellectual and potential sparring-partner for the converted Frederick. And at the première, as some of us expected, Doreen Aris, the Phebe, appeared to come from Arden's very heart. Here, without any doubt, is a major actress of the future: I have been sure of it since her Marina in "Pericles," and Phebe is now a miniature both delicate and lively.

There must be pleasant things to say of Jane Wenham's Celia, loyally Rosalind's second—though she rather threw away my favourite line about Juno's swans—Mark Dignam's Duke Frederick who storms round like Henry the Eighth, and, surprisingly, the Touchstone (Patrick Wymark). Not, let me say, that it is in any way surprising that Mr. Wymark acts well; he can edge the least likely joke. It is simply that Touchstone is a terror; to spend an evening with him without wishing—in all kindness and patience—to wring his neck, is a rarity to be noticed: Mr. Wymark is comfortable and bland. I do not take yet to the Banished Duke—he could find more to relish in those sonorous speeches—and the air sometimes holds a frostiness, a passing chill. No matter: it is, all considered, an "As You Like It" much more flexible than we are used to, and the Festival has opened happily.

I do not think Sloane School has yet done "As You Like It" in its lengthening list. In any event, there are several other plays that I would much rather see directed by Guy Boas and performed by his boys. Their latest production, "Henry the Fifth," sends us home reflecting, as usual, on Mr. Boas's flair and the luck of the Shakespeare actors to have his tuition. (Where Benson looked among his newcomers for a good half-back, Mr. Boas must seek a Hotspur or a Cordelia.) We know already the responsive voice of this year's Henry (Gordon Mason); the novice I want particularly to meet again is John Ayres, who played the French lady-in-waiting, Alice, and who never for a minute ceased to act.

"Damn Yankees," at the Coliseum, is an American musical comedy, very noisy (with one good number, "The Game") and not really inspiring unless you are devoted passionately to baseball. "Unaida," at the Players', is a topical skit—on Suez and so forth—that is, at any rate, terse. But, really, I would just as soon hear Touchstone as he carves away at the knight, the pancakes, and the mustard.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CAMINO REAL" (Phoenix).—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Diana Wynyard. The first venture of the International Playwrights' Theatre, directed by Peter Hall. (April 8.)

VICTOR BORGE (Palace).—The entertainer: "Comedy in Music." (April 9.)

"BENVENUTO CELLINI" (Sadler's Wells).—The Carl Rosa company in the opera by Berlioz. (April 9.)

"THE ENTERTAINER" (Royal Court).—No connection with Mr. Borge. Sir Laurence Olivier and Dorothy Tutin in John Osborne's latest work. (April 10.)

"ZULEIKA" (Saville).—Mildred Mayne and David Morton in the musical version of Sir Max Beerbohm's fantasy, "Zuleika Dobson." (April 11.)

FROM CANDELABRA TO MAYFLOWER II: ART, DESIGN AND OTHER NEWS.



A CONTRAST IN CANDELABRA: A PAIR OF GEORGE II SILVER-GILT CANDELABRA RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY ASPREY'S IN THE SALE OF SILVER FROM THE HAREWOOD COLLECTION.

Messrs. Asprey's, 165, New Bond Street, acquired this enchanting pair of George II silver-gilt candelabra (made by John Pero in 1733) at the recent sale of silver from the Harewood Collection. They provide a fascinating opportunity for comparison of style and technique with the modern candelabra shown on the right.



A CONTRAST IN CANDELABRA: ONE OF A PAIR OF MODERN SILVER CANDELABRA DESIGNED FOR ASPREY'S AND TYPICAL OF CONTEMPORARY STYLE.



(Left.) PRESENTED TO JAGUAR CARS AT A BANQUET IN NEW YORK ON APRIL 3: THE AMERICAN ARTIST MAGAZINE'S 1957 MEDAL OF HONOR FOR EXCELLENCE OF DESIGN, WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN AWARDED TO ANY PRODUCT OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN OR BEEN BESTOWED OUTSIDE THE U.S.



A NEW EXHIBIT AT THE MUSEUM OF COSTUME, BRIDGE CASTLE, SUSSEX: A BLACKWORK EMBROIDERED DRESS OF c. 1605. THIS EXCELLENTLY PRESERVED DRESS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY COMPLETE ONE OF ITS TYPE IN EXISTENCE. THE MUSEUM IS TO OPEN FOR THE 1957 SEASON ON APRIL 16.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: "THE CHESS PLAYERS," BY E. DELACROIX, BOUGHT FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION ABROAD. Eugène Delacroix's "The Chess Players" is the first work by this artist to be added to the collection of the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh. This lusciously painted picture is dated to 1835, which is three years after the artist's return from a long visit to Morocco in the company of Count Mornay.

(Right.) RECENTLY INSTITUTED FOR ANNUAL AWARD BY THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION TO THE ARTIST PRODUCING THE YEAR'S BEST-ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOK: THE KATE GREENAWAY MEDAL, DESIGNED BY REGINALD H. HILL, OF WHICH MR. EDWARD ARDIZZONE IS TO BE THE FIRST RECIPIENT.



THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION "ROCKS": MR. HUGH GAITSKELL PARTNERS MRS. MORGAN PHILLIPS, WIFE OF THE PARTY'S SECRETARY, IN A "ROCK 'N' ROLL" NUMBER AT THE LONDON LABOUR PARTY DANCE WHICH WAS HELD AT ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL ON MARCH 30.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: MAYFLOWER II LISTING HEAVILY TO STARBOARD AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT BRIXHAM ON APRIL 1.

After *Mayflower II* was launched at Brixham she developed a dangerous list of more than 30 degs. to starboard. Later additional ballast was put on board and the list was corrected as can be seen in the photograph on page 581.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ALL this week's novels have an infusion of the "men at work" theme which is commonly so appealing; and one has solid, as it were, classical pretensions. "The Great World and Timothy Colt," by Louis Auchincloss (Gollancz; 15s.), is summed up on the jacket as "a novel of love and marriage, business and the law, ethics and conscience"—which gives one a very fair idea. All this, in the context of a civilised and mature style, refined discrimination of motives and social influence, and the touch of Edith Wharton and Henry James, which has been remarked in other books, should add up to something imposing. I may be wrong; but I thought its failure was to add up.

Timmy Colt, an "associate" in a mammoth but super-distinguished firm of New York lawyers, is more peculiarly the disciple and henchman of its super-aristocratic partner, Henry Knox: under whose wing he toils day and night, very often literally. Not from ambition, for he has no worldly promptings: but partly for the job's sake—to him, corporate law is pure art, an empyrean of the abstract—and partly because he has to toil. He has to compensate for a lax, flighty, self-deluding, tipping mother. His short off-time belongs exclusively to a rather gauche and frumpish but cherished wife and their two sons. It is a cloistral régime; and even Ann, though personally content, feels they should branch out a little. . . .

Then comes the ordeal. Sheffield, Knox has a jumped-up, worldly partner, in charge of estates and trusts—that is, the rich widows' department. Dale has married one of the widows. He has always resented Knox's breeding, his Olympian altitude, his train of absorbed, starry-eyed young men. And now, coveting Timmy in particular, he gets him on loan, to put through a deal for his wife's rich and repellent nephew. Timmy is not used to flesh-and-blood clients, still less to months of pachydermatous goading from bumptious oafs. At last he breaks out . . . and he is told to apologise. Even Knox, even Ann thinks he should apologise. Very well—be it on their heads. Now he has seen through the dignity and integrity of the law, and all that bunk. Henceforth he will be Dale's man, living in Dale's world. . . . Which he proceeds to be, with all the quixotic thoroughness of his earlier dedication, till his conscience strikes the expected rock. . . . Yet somehow it is not very dramatic. Timmy's whole jag has something artificial about it, for which his own sensation of unreality is no excuse. And the characters, though subtly drawn, are often more like essays in people than elements in a story.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Happy Ones," by Maurice Edelman (Wingate; 13s. 6d.), is not nearly so massive, but quite as intelligent and world-conscious. Rather in the teeth of the Villon epigraph against *folles amours* ("The happy ones have nothing to do with them"), it depicts an earnest, barely defeated struggle to find the world well lost. Stephen Russell and Laura Metcalfe are perhaps "made for each other." At least they think so. But at their age there is a great deal of world. For Russell, a Recordership in the hand, a safe seat on the tapis, and one of the Law offices in prospect. For Laura, a husband and two children. Roger Metcalfe has built up a charter company called Nightfreight. After a bad patch earlier in the year, he was acquitted of over-loading, but had his licence suspended; now he is appealing to get it back. He is a violent, unstable character, always making scenes and kicking against regulations. Laura has a lot to endure from him; she doesn't love him; yet he, not their adored son, or Russell's career, is to be the fatal barrier. This story is vividly concrete, with a large allowance of dialogue; but the feeling is grave, and the people, though not much analysed, are real.

"Good Relations," by Derek Barton (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), is equally brilliant in a gayer and more endearing vein; it gets top marks for delightfulness. I have a feeling there may be other stories about attractive, well-bred young couples, in South Kensington or elsewhere, grappling with a Situation, which may even include the descents and demands of their respective families. But even so, Edward and Jane Bancroft must be the most charming and put-upon of their kind. Edward is further put-upon at the office; he is assistant to the Publicity Manager of a travel bureau, which also yields very persuasive comedy. I can't even begin on their domestic trials: except to single out cousin Roger, for his unique ghastliness.

"Moment for Murder," by Alfred Eichler (Hammond; 10s. 6d.), transfers us to the more opulent, but apparently far grimmer world of American "ad men." Luther Brooks is a copywriter, employed on the Kramer account. And Kramer, an enormously wealthy client, has summoned a conference. But he doesn't want to talk business; being in a state about his fourth wife, he wanted company. The wife walks out after a scene, and Kramer drops dead. Apparently of a heart attack. But it is murder, of course—followed by more murder, wild plantings of evidence on all concerned, and so forth. However, the "ad man's" vocational insecurity, overspending and slavery to the boss are more effective than the police problem. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM "THE AGE OF ELEGANCE" TO THE GOTHIC REVIVAL.

RECENTLY reviewing a life of Beckford, I dilated at some length on his "folly," Fonthill Abbey, of which the architect was James Wyatt. Poor Wyatt found his employer as capricious as he was exacting, and it was no fault of his but the result of Beckford's intermittent cheese-paring that the great tower of Fonthill collapsed in a storm. James Wyatt is one of the most interesting of British architects. His career spans the transition from the pure classical style of the age of Adam to the curiosities of the Gothic revival. In both fields he was brilliantly successful, and, unlike some of his successors, he carried that Palladian sense of balance into the field of nineteenth-century Gothic. Mr. Antony Dale in his "James Wyatt" (Blackwell; 30s.) returns to the subject which he made his own more than twenty years ago. In 1936, Mr. Dale published a brilliant monograph on Wyatt, which both explained and justified Wyatt's Gothic restorations. Some of these may have tempted critics to exclaim with the poet's epitaph on Vanbrugh "lie heavy on him, Earth! for he laid heavy loads on thee." Mr. Dale's new book must surely be regarded as the definitive life of Wyatt, and his analysis of the great architect's developing and changing styles is one of the most admirable historico-architectural criticisms I have read in many years. The book is delightfully illustrated with skilfully chosen photographs.

Wyatt naturally figures prominently in "The Late Georgian Period—1760-1810." This is one of the Connoisseur Period Guides, and is published at 42s. by the National Magazine Company. Messrs. Ralph Edwards and L. G. G. Ramsey have done an admirable job of editing it. During the period covered, British civilisation probably reached its artistic peak. It was, as Sir Arthur Bryant has aptly named it, "The Age of Elegance." The authors have done full justice to it in this distinguished volume. Not merely does it cover the art and architecture of that wonderful time, but its history and social customs are fully and pleasingly dealt with. Here you can discover why Sheffield Plate was invented, what was the family budget of an eighteenth-century country gentleman, or the types of jewellery most favoured by the ladies of the time. One chapter is devoted entirely to costume. Here the illustrations, drawn from the conversation pieces of the time, are particularly well chosen. One of these conversation pieces is the famous picture of Francis Fountayne-Whitchot, and his wife, now at Temple Newsam House.

This conversation piece forms the front cover of "The Handbook of English Costume in the Eighteenth Century," by C. Willett Cunningham and Phillis Cunningham (Faber; 63s.). For any student of the eighteenth century, this will prove of the greatest possible interest. As the authors point out, the eighteenth century, from the point of view of costume, was one of the most important periods in English history, for during it there came the dawn of modern ideas. Whereas at its commencement the aristocracy were, as far as dress was concerned, sharply differentiated from the lower classes, by the end of it the distinctions were disappearing, and not merely were the lower classes imitating the upper in their dress, but by a curious inversion, the aristocracy were adapting many of their ideas on their dress from the working man. While women's dresses by the Regency were at their most uninhibited (and men's clothes at their most dandifiedly outrageous) a new middle-class prudery in costume was already on its way. The authors are already well known in their field, having covered English mediæval costume and the fashions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This fascinating book is an excellent successor to the earlier volumes. Like the "Connoisseur Period Guide" it aptly illustrates an important historical period from the study of one specialised facet of it.

One of my ambitions which (like the wish I have long nourished to follow Wellington's Peninsula campaigns from Lisbon to Orthez and Toulouse) is not likely, I fear, ever to be realised, is to make a study of mediæval brasses. There is something so pleasing in a pursuit which consists of taking rubbings in quiet country churches. It conjures up pleasant pictures of well-educated vicars reading their Greek Testaments for pleasure, and discouraging learnedly in their parish magazines on historical monuments in the parish church. "Church Brasses," by A. C. Bouquet (Batsford; 35s.), will stimulate the reader who shares my interest in them. As Dr. Bouquet says, "brasses" were a feature of the Gothic church most dear to the Victorian ecclesiologist. The author, from his study of brasses, reconstructs much of the social life and customs of the lives of our ancestors in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here the reader can be initiated into the fascinating world of brass indents and palimpsests, of incised slabs, and the craft of brass-making. The author is an enthusiast and I will defy the reader not to catch something of his enthusiasm by the time he sets down this book. Dr. Bouquet justly pays a tribute to the late Mr. Ralph Griffin, for many years the Keeper of the Cambridge collection, who was one of the greatest scholars in this specialised field. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS game won the brilliancy prize in the "Intermediate" section of the London Boys' Championships:

RETI'S OPENING.

| WALLACE | OLIFF | WALLACE | OLIFF |
|-----------|--------|-----------|-------|
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. Kt-KB3 | Kt-KB3 | 3. P-Kt3 | B-Kt2 |
| 2. P-KKt3 | P-KKt3 | 4. B-QKt2 | P-Q4 |

White's opening play would, of course, have made Edwardians turn in their graves. This sort of thing from a boy, too! Even I cannot help feeling a slight twinge of pleasure that it is Black, the first to play a couple of pawns manfully into the centre, who wins.

| | | | |
|----------|---------|------------|-------|
| 5. B-Kt2 | P-QB4 | 7. Castles | Kt-B3 |
| 6. P-B4 | Castles | 8. Q-B1 | P-Q5 |

Natural and good. White is now cramped for the rest of the game.

| | | |
|------------|------|-----------|
| 9. P-Q3 | P-K4 | 11. Kt-K1 |
| 10. QKt-Q2 | R-K1 | |

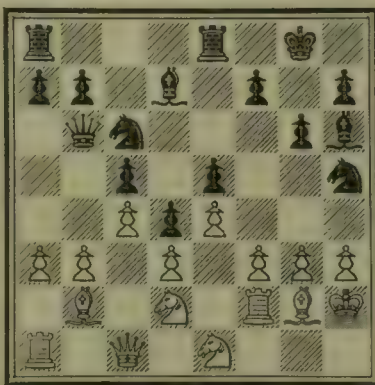
Though I have never seen it in any textbook, I have long included among my private guiding chess aphorisms: "You don't win games by moving knights backward." Unless with some clean-cut and profitable purpose in mind, of course. Here White could protest "my aim is to prevent . . . P-K5." The same aim could have been achieved, however, by the more aggressive 11. Kt-Kt5, with the follow-up Kt-K4, seeking relieving exchanges, in mind. . . . Kt-Q2 could be answered by B-Q5 if played before, or by Kt-Q6 if played after, White's knight goes to K4.

| | | | |
|---|------|------------|-------|
| 11. . . . | Q-B2 | 12. P-K4 | B-Kt5 |
| White has finessed himself into semi-impotence. Black here finesse efficiently, tempting White's P-B3, which robs two white knights and a bishop of a useful square for their deployment—all at a go! | | | |
| 13. P-B3 | B-O2 | 14. P-KR3? | |

The losing move. Instead of loosening up his own king's position, he should have done what he could to obtain a little more scope for his pieces, e.g., Q-Q1 followed by Q-K2.

| | | | |
|-----------|--------|-----------|--------|
| 14. . . . | Kt-KR4 | 16. P-QR3 | Q-R4 |
| 15. K-R2 | B-R3 | 17. R-B2 | Q-Kt3? |

A flaw in an otherwise finely-played game. He could have played 17. . . . Kt×P! at once; winning a pawn, since 18. K×Kt, B-B5ch; 19. K-R4, Q-Q1 would be mate.



| | | | |
|---|-------|-----------------------------|-------|
| 18. R-Kt1 | Kt×P! | 19. P-Kt4 | Kt-Q1 |
| Now the black queen would mate, in the variation given, from KB3 instead of Q1. | | | |
| 20. KB-R1 | Q-K3 | Now if 21. K×Kt? Q×RP mate. | |
| 21. K-Kt1 | B-K6 | 23. P×P | Kt×R |
| 22. Q-Q1 | Kt×B | Resigns. | |
| Not bad for a fifteen-year-old! | | | |

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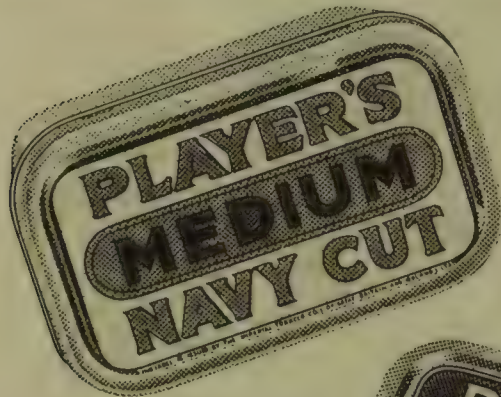
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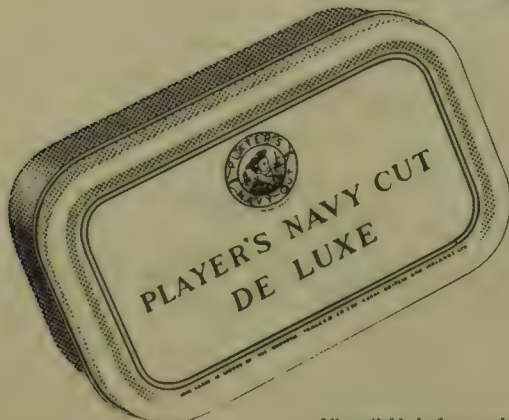
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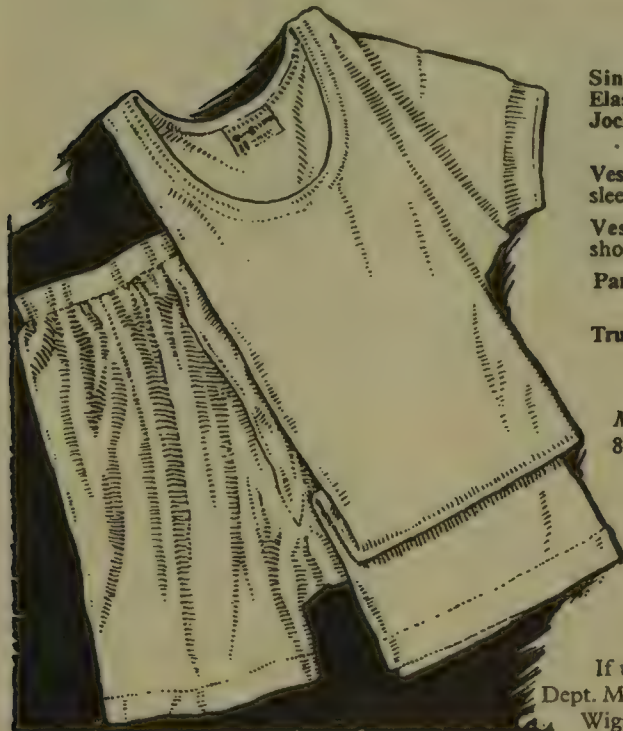
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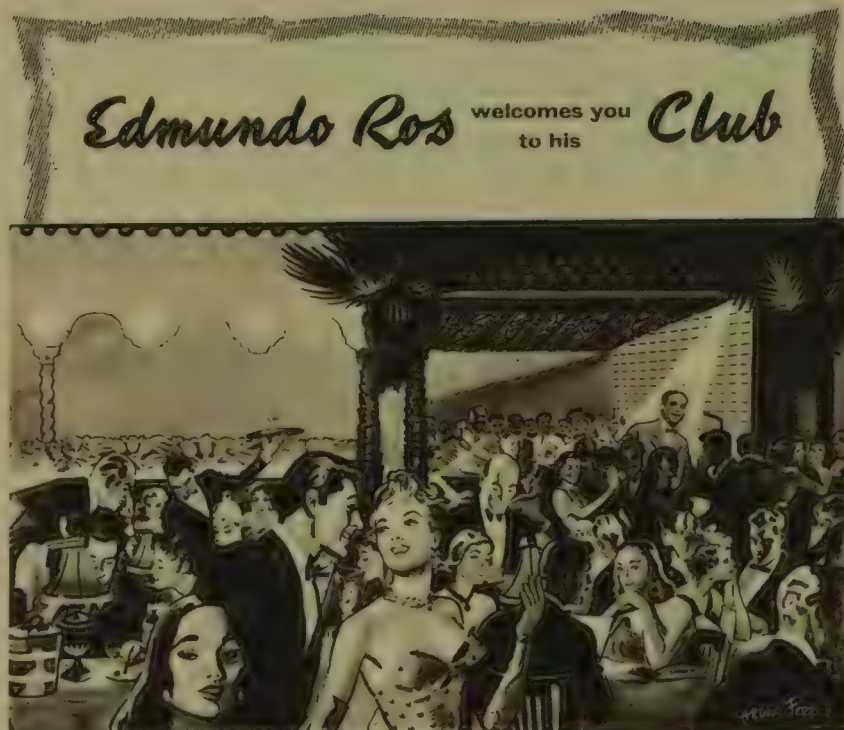
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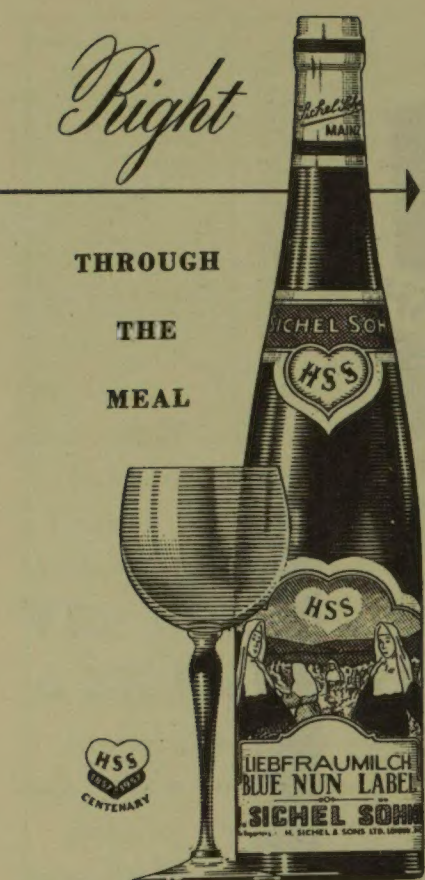
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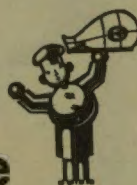
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